RED STAR
LINE.

CARL KAY - DEC. 10, 1930

- BELGENLAND -

My Trip Around the World

The good Ship "Belgenland"

Sailing from N.Y. Dec 15th 1930

ITINERARY

TINERARY

Subject to Change

	Arrive 1930	Depart 1930
New York		*Mon. Dec. 15*
CUBA		
Havana	Fri. Dec. 19	Sat. Dec. 20
PANAMA CANAL		
Panama Canal	Tue. Dec. 23	
Colon		Tue. Dec. 23
U. S. A.—CALIFORNIA		
San Diego	Wed. Dec. 31	Wed. Dec. 31
	1931	1931
Los Angeles	Thu. Jan. 1	Fri. Jan. 2
San Francisco	Sat. Jan. 3	Sun. Jan. 4
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS		
Hilo	Fri. Jan. 9	Fri. Jan. 9
Honolulu	Sat. Jan. 10	Sun. Jan. 11
JAPAN		
Yokohama	Wed. Jan. 21	Tue. Jan. 27
Kobe	Wed. Jan. 28	Sat. Jan. 31
Inland Sea	Sat. Jan. 31	
Miyajima		Sun. Feb. 1
CHINA		
Chingwangtao (Peking)	Wed. Feb. 4	Sun. Feb. 8
Shanghai	Tue. Feb. 10	Wed. Feb. 11
Hongkong	Sat. Feb. 14	Mon. Feb. 16
THE PHILIPPINES		
Manila	Wed. Feb. 18	Thu. Feb. 19
SIAM		
Bangkok	Mon. Feb. 23	Tue. Feb. 24
STRAITS SETTLEMENTS		
Singapore	Thu. Feb. 26	Fri. Feb. 27
DUTCH EAST INDIES		
Batavia (Java)	Sun. Mar. 1	Thu. Mar. 5
SUMATRA		
Padang	Sat. Mar. 7	Sat. Mar. 7
CEYLON		
Colombo	Wed. Mar. 11	Sat. Mar. 14
INDIA		
Bombay	Tue. Mar. 17	Fri. Mar. 27
EGYPT		
Port Sudan	Thu. Apr. 2	Thu. Apr. 2
Port Tewfik (Cairo)	Sat. Apr. 4	Sat. Apr. 4
Alexandria	Mon. Apr. 6	Fri. Apr. 10
GREECE		
Athens	Sun. Apr. 12	Sun. Apr. 12
ITALY		
Naples	Tue. Apr. 14	Thu. Apr. 16
THE RIVIERA		
Monaco	Fri. Apr. 17	Fri. Apr. 17
SPAIN		
Gibraltar	Mon. Apr. 20	Mon. Apr. 2[illegible]
NEW YORK	Tues. Apr. 28	

KC to Detroit 716 Mi. } 1406
Det to NY 690 Mi.

29,503 Miles

The Log

	Day of Wk.	MONTH	PLACE	LAT.	LONG.	MILES DAY'S RUN	WEATHER
	Tue	Dec. 16th	At Sea	37°22'N	44°30'W	216	Gentle breeze slight Sea - Fine - Clear
	Wed	17th	✓	30-22 N	72-12W	486	Mod. Strong Ely. Rough Sea Overcast
	Thur	18th	off Florida	25-34 N	80-03W	411	Sl. Wind - Sl. Sea - Fine & Clear
	Fri	19th	HAVANA			270	✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓
	Steaming	time 3	days 4 hours 55	minutes	- Av. speed	{ 15.14 Knots 17.44 Miles	
	Sat	20	HAVANA				
	Sun	21	~~19~~ At Sea	19-05N	83-13W	448	Mod. Ely. Wind - Mod Sea Coast - Showery
	Mon	22	At Sea	13-45 N	80-41W	412	Mod Wind & Sea - Cloudy & Clear
	Tue	23	COLON	HARBOR		307 42	Light Breeze & Swell
	Wed	24	At Sea	7-17 N	82-12W	275	Mod Nly. Wind, Sea & swell Cloudy
	Thur	25	✓	10-42 N	88-37W	497	Fresh Wind - Rough Sea Fine & Clear
3775	Fri	26	✓	13-52 N	94-38W	461	Light to Mod. N.E. Wind and sea - Fine & Clear
	Sat	27	✓	16-52 N	101-04W	476	Fresh to Light Wind Rough to slight sea
4724	Sun	28	✓	20-26 N	107-13 W	473	Light Airs - Smooth Sea Fine Weather
	Mon	29	✓	24-17 N	112-47 W	443	Mod Nly Wind. Mod Sea. Cldy
	Tue	30	✓	29-10 N	116-18W	420	Mod NW WIND & SL. SEA Fine & Clear Weather
	Wed	31	San Diego			250	
			1931.				
	Thur	Jan 1st	San Pedro - Los Angeles			97	Mod Wind & Sea Clear Weather
	Fri	2	✓	33-47 N	118-33 W	21	Mod WSW wind & Sea Cloudy & Clear
	Sat	3	San Francisco			391	Mod Wind, ~~Rough~~ Sea & Swell
	Sun	4	At Sea	37-32	123-06	29	Mod Wind & Sea & Swell
6846	Mon	5	✓	33-48	130-08	471	Fresh WSW Wind Rough Sea Confused Swell
	Tue	6	✓	30-05	137-09	485	
	Wed	7	✓	26-08	143-59	497	
	Thur	8	✓	22-19	150-54	509	
	Fri	9	Hilo Hawaii			322	
	Sat	10	Honolulu			221	
	Sun	11	"	"		~~4~~	
	Mon	12	At Sea	22-06	164-05	464	
	Tue	13	✓	23-28	171-47	500	
	Wed	14	✓	24-46	179-30W	495	
	Thur	15	THE	LOST	DAY		
	Fri	16	At Sea	26-04	172-54E	482	
11,253	Sat	17	✓	27-18	165-04	492	
	Sun	18					

Shipboard Acquaintances

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Autographs

CHAS. L. FISCHER & HIS S.S BELGENLAND ORCH

Chas. L. Fischer — Director & Violin

Burton E. Fischer — Piano

Ted Fugmann. — Alto Sax

Tom Johnson — Trumpet

Harold Stoddard — Drums

Fritz Waldron — Tenor Sax

& Myers — Banjo & Basses

Ships We Met

Tue Dec 16th - Passed two - Tanker & passenger - unknown
Thur 17th - Many ships off Florida - & a seaplane

Deck Games

The Weather

New York to Havana - Mostly fine - One rough day
Havana to Panama - Mod. Wind & Sea.

Things I Missed

"The Girl I Left Behind Me."
and the Gang.
Good coffee. with real Cream.
Bed long enough to stretch out in.
Radio - Newspaper & Funnies

NY to K.C - 54 hrs. by bus.

Cash on hand KC 5/2 $ 1.60

Bus fare NY to KC	27.00	
Bus express (Trnk. Horn & chest 325#)	10.00	
Ann. " (St Bass 156#)	8.03	
Transfer & storage - 2 days	7.13	
Hotel - 2 days	3.50	55.66

Expense Account

Date		RECEIVED		PAID	
12/11	K.C. Mo. - CASH ON HAND	106	84		
12/11/30	Train Fare - K.C to N.Y.			48	10
	Baggage Insurance ($1000.00 @ 1/20)			15	00
	" Drayage - K.C.			2	10
	" " - N.Y.			4	05
	" Excess (55# @ $8.02)			4	47
12/12 & 13 & 14	Misc. (on train & in NY)			9	56
12/15	Hotel - 2 days - N.Y.			2	40
12/15	Misc - N.Y. - Show, meals, taxi etc.			2	56
	CASH ON HAND AT SAILING	16	50		
12/16	Tips				35
12/17	Beret 1.25, Film .50, Candy .05			1	80
12/18	Tip .05 " .05				10
12/19 & 20	Havana - Films 1.10 - Meals - taxi & misc. 8.15			9	25
12/30	Advance from CLF	3	00		
from 1st	Ted	2	00		
1/3	Tom	1	00	1	00
1/8	Hutch - chg 1.20	Pd	1/18	1	20
1/9	Adv CLF	2	00		
1/10	Fruity		60		60
1/19	CLF	5	00		
1/20	CLF	6	00		
1/22	Fruity	1	00	1	00
1/25	CLF	23	75		
2/16	Fruity	1	00	1	00

Cash on hand at NY (12/15)	16	50
From shore engagements	194	65
From Photo finishing	50	00
	261	15
Cash on hand at return (12/28)	71	15
Total Expense of cruise (NY. to NY.)	$190	00

GRANT'S TOMB - N.Y 12-13-30

LARGEST CLOCK IN THE WORLD

I Start on my Travels

from Kansas City, Mo., December 11th 1930 after several weeks of preparations, filled with much worry and uncertainty.

But finally after a great deal of last minute rushing, I left K.C for NY at 11^45 p.m. Thursday Dec 11th, with Peggy Rainey and Mildred Shipps there to wish me Bon Voyage.

Friday p.m. at 2^00 I arrived at Detroit. During the three hour wait there between trains, I took the ferry across the Detroit River and spent a short time in Windsor Ont - Canada. Mailed some postals to some friends and returned, leaving Detroit at 5^00 p.m for N.Y.

After a hard night with little sleep (no reclining chairs in car), arrived in N.Y. Sat. 12/13 morning about 8 a.m. Took the subway to 59th & Broadway, walking back part way - street-car part way and finally in taxi - finally arrived at the Mansfield Hall Hotel on 50th St just off B'way.

There I met three of the boys of the Chas Fischer orchestra that I am playing with on this cruise. The first was Harold Stoddard - and greatly to my suprise, I found that he was drummer with Tom Gates' orch. - a band I worked with in St Paul a few years ago. Then I met Ted Fugmann and Tom Johnstone. Tom is my roommate. They're all swell fellows.

While in New York — we saw many interesting things. My first impression was the crowded conditions — especially from looking from the train as we arrived over the "L", before we dropped into the subway. Block after block of tenement homes — narrow crowded streets — not a sign of grass nor trees.

Then after getting up town on Broadway it was a city of great hurry. It seems like there is no speed limit at all — traffic moving with the green light just as fast as possible. It' just too bad if one tries to jay walk or try to cross against the light.

Then on 9th Ave — there was the public Markets — just an ocean of push carts & wagons — selling everything from bananas & onions to shirts & shoelaces.

In the afternoon we went to Loew's New Yorker & saw "Just Imagine" — a fine picture. Then to bed early — quite tired yet thrilled at so many new sights.

Sunday — Dec 14th — After a breakfast at ten and a short walk in the brisk air — twas quite cold — we took a sightseeing trip in a large glass-topped motor coach Among the many memorable sights we passed were: Upper 5th Avenue, Millionaires Row, Central Park and the Metropolitan Art Museum, St. Patricks Cathedral, Columbia University, Grant's Tomb on the Hudson River with the Palisades and New Jersey on the other side. Then coming back over beautiful Riverside Drive and Broadway ~~thought~~ through Lower N.Y. with it's skyscrapers & Financial District. Wall Street, Stock exchange — Woolworth & Singer Bldgs — Flatiron Bldg, the first steel

famed building in New York. Then on past the City Hall & Criminal Courts Bldg with it's famous Bridge of Sighs. On through the Washington Memorial Arch and into Battery Park with a wonderful view of N.Y. harbor & the Statue of Liberty in the distance. There we got away from the bus for ten minutes to make a hurried inspection of the aquarium. What a wonderful place that is!

From the Battery we went into the Ghetto & Lower East side - the most thickly populated section in the world. And the Bowery - with it's tough's & down-and-outers. Saw a suit of clothes in a store window for $5.00!

Then on to Chinatown. There we again got out of the bus and were led by the guide through the narrow and crooked streets - past the old Cafe where Irving Berlin spent 13 years of his early life as a piano player. It was in memory of this place and it's past associations that he wrote "Chinatown".

We were led through Doyer St. Mission and down several flights of crooked stairs to a dimly lit room below. Here a local guide gave us quite an interesting and educational talk. He explained that Doyer St. Mission was conducted by a Thomas J. Noonan - an ex-convict and dangerous criminal who has reformed and is successfully leading the work of "The Rescue Society" there. The building was formerly the "Chinese Theatre" but Tong wars made it necessary for the police to abolish all theatres in this district.

We were shown what had once been opium dens - the bunks were still there - in fact the room ~~our~~ we were now seated in was formerly the largest & most notorious opium den in N.Y. We could see the many entrances to Tunnels & secret passageways that extended for many blocks away.

After leaving Doyle St. Mission our guide took us to a Chinese Joss House, one of the most interesting features in Chinatown. The Joss House is a temple of Worship. A Chinese girl was our lecturer here, and she explained the various forms & practices of Confucianism. There are numerous statues of Gods & Godesses and of departed ancestors - all of which are supposed to be hundreds of years old. Then there were numerous paintings & tapestries - all ages old - depicting life here and in the hereafter.

Upon leaving the Joss House we were shown the Sacred Tom Tom. One is supposed to make a wish and then stripe the drum. Strike it once for ~~happiness~~ HEALTH - twice for prosperity and three times for a happy marriage.

From Chinatown we returned via Greenwich Village and soon we were back again on Upper B'way and Times Square where our little trip about town ended.

In the evening three of us went to Roxy's - the world's largest and finest theatre. The most wonderful 70-piece orchestra - and stage presentations that were simply stupendous! Words can't describe the thrill of it!

Monday Dec 15th was a busy day — my last day in NY before sailing. After gathering up all the odds and ends & the final preparations for the voyage we went to the show and saw "The Big Trail" - a wonderful picture of the early pioneers. At three o'clock we arrived at the dock and went aboard the "Belgenland" - our future home for the next four and a half Months. I was assigned a stateroom with Tom Johnstone but it was too small for both of us so on Tuesday he moved in with Fritz Waldron. I met Mr Fischer & the rest of the band here on the ship Monday evening. They were Chas L. Fischer Burton E Fischer, & Fritz Waldron.

At 9 PM we started our first job - playing in the Reception Room for the passengers & visitors. At eleven we finished and spent the next hour mingling with the crowd, before sailing. Everyone was throwing confetti streamers and before long it looked like some monster spider had spun his web between our boat and the pier.

At Midnight we sailed - I was down in the Japanese Tea Garden getting a sandwich when it started away from the dock. It was bitter cold on the decks and no one remained out long. Soon we passed the statue of Liberty - it's blackness silhouetted against the myriad lights of the city - and it's lighted torch bidding us farewell.

Then to bed for a wonderful night's sleep.

At last -- On our way —
Around The World!

The First Day Out

TUE. DEC 16th

Arose at 7am and had my first real sight of an Ocean. And what a sight! Tuesday, December 16th 1930 – cold and partly cloudy. The sun was low yet, behind the clouds with a few scattered rays breaking thru here and there, brilliantly lighting the water in golden patches. I never imagined the great variety of colors that I saw this morning could be, on nothing more than water!

We had breakfast at 8am. Grapefruit, Shredded Wheat, Eggs, Toast & Coffee. Then a short brisk walk around the deck. It was quite cold – ice in places where there had been water.

After lunch at noon there was a short rehearsal for a song "Sweet Jenny Lee." At 2pm we passed our first ship – a tanker. Then right behind it came a passenger ship. Then more ships!

From four 'till five we played in the Japanese Tea Garden. Afterwards we all were given the small-pox vaccination. Diner at six: Bouillon, Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce, Brown Potatoes, Salad, Cake with Strawberry Preserves and Coffee.

The ship seems more like a train after one is in bed. But the sea has been calm and the ship is quite steady – rolling gently. At times it seems quite like I've had a good drink – sort of light headed and dizzy – but as yet, not sick.

~~Dinner~~ Dancing from 9 till 11:30

then our first taste of real beer! Met the ship's photographer – talked till 2am then to bed.

Myself

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Tom

19

Ted

20

Places Visited

WED. DEC. 17th

AT SEA - Off the coast of South Carolina.
Up at 8^30 - breakfast - then on deck all morning. Not many out today. Quite a stiff breeze today and moderatly rough sea. The boat has been rolling quite a bit and it looked almost like we were getting into a storm. Sky was overcast and we ran into several squalls of rain, although about noon the sun came out once in a while. Nice and warm today.
At lunch today my stomach turned a couple of flip-flops and I made a hurried exit! My first touch of sea-sickness. But after that everything was O.K. Went back and finished lunch then ~~came~~ slept until 3^00. Played from 4^00 till 5^00. Tom has been under the weather since noon - Wasn't out for dinner tonight.

THUR. DEC 18th

AT SEA - Off the coast of Florida.
a beautiful calm, warm day - bright sun and smooth sea. Our ship just moving along so smoothly. Quite different from yesterday. We were in sight of land most all day today - and through the glasses we could see the cities and resorts. There was Hollywood By the Sea - Daytona Beach & Miami & Palm Beach and many Resorts, Hotels & Homes etc. A sun runner came up close and we saw numerous fishing boats. Shortly after 1^00 a seaplane flew directly over the ship. It was bound from Havana to Miami.

Prof. Albert Einstein
12-18-30

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This afternoon ~~the~~ Professor Einstein was on the aft of our deck. So I hurried down to my cabin & got two cameras & then asked if he would pose for a picture. He consented, and I was quite thrilled with taking a snap and a few feet on the ciné. After a short nap this afternoon - and this weather sure makes one feel drowsy after lunch - the orchestra came out in the sport outfits & we all took pictures. Everyone donned lifebelts and went to their ~~positions~~ positions for inspection at 4 o'clock. Dancing from 10 until 11^{30} - a glass of beer, then to bed.

FRIDAY - DEC 19th.

HAVANA, CUBA - We were at anchor just out of the harbor when I awoke this morning - and it was beautiful! At dawn we moved in and anchored within 100 yards of the dock. At 9^{30} we boarded the tender and went ashore. Took several shots at Einstein before disembarking. But first - while waiting to board the tender we received our "official" welcome. The first sound to greet our ears was from way down below: "Hi Chalie - toss in a watta, Hi Chalie, toss in a watta - oh ledy, toss in a watta" - and looking overboard we saw a half a dozen or more Cuban boys swimming alongside the ship begging us to toss coins for them to dive after.

After we left the ship, we started walking up town. Stoddard has been here before & knows some of the places. Well, for the next two hours we were pestered continually

In the Sevilla
Biltmore Hotel
- Havana
12/19/30

17

Morro
Castle

15

8

"SLOPPY JOE'S"

with taxi drivers - wanting to drive us around town. And just when we thought we had at last lost them - here they would be waiting for us several blocks ahead.

The first impression one gets is the very narrow streets & sidewalks. Most of the streets are only wide enough for one vehicle at a time - hence only one-way streets. The sidewalks are from one to three feet wide! On some streets one has to turn sideways to let the street cars pass! No place for a fat person.

All the buildings are of the Spanish type, opening right on the sidewalk - homes & offices alike and most all have the open patio & garden in the center. Beautiful architecture - wrought iron gates & balconies, tile facades and plenty of colors.

Soon we came upon the "Prado" one of the main thoroughfares. The main streets are wider and more modern. The "Prado" is quite wide with a sort of a promenade down the center, and beautiful palms lining both sides. And "Sloppy Joe's" - famous bar.

On down to the end of the Prado at the edge of the water we came upon the fort and then across the bay was the old "Morro Castle."

It wasn't long before some of the fellows ran across some old acquaintances - and of course there is always a bar on every corner. We had beer as usual - it being quite warm here - and instead of

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STREET SCENE
IN HAVANA

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beer & pretzels here in Cuba its beer & fish. Little tiny fish from one inch to two inches in length - french-fried & salted! Head & all! But they tasted quite good if one didn't think too much about what he were eating!

Then we had lunch - quite ordinary except for the coffee. The Cubans have a unique method for making this. The waiter brought in a glass cup, poured it three-fourths full of hot milk then poured in the remainder of hot strong coffee. And it really doesn't taste bad either. It's a lot better than the Belgenland coffee. And the bread! The bread here is like the French bread in America but it comes in a loaf about three feet long! And in the cafes, instead of serving it sliced one is presented with a piece about a foot long - just break it off and eat it and if you wish butter - 5¢ extra! But its wonderful bread. American cigarettes here cost 60¢!!

In a cafe where we were this afternoon there were chickens and dogs roaming around the place under the tables etc.

We saw the large Orpanage here - and a most interesting thing in connection with it. Along one side of the huge building there is a little door about two feet square and quite inconspicuous. We opened this door and inside we saw a sort of a receptacle which turned around. And here is what it is for:

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ORPHANAGE AT HAVANA

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HAVANA HARBOR

A mother of an illegitimate child will bring her babe here in the early hours of the morning - place it in this receiver - the nuns at the orphanage place a basket & blankets etc there for that purpose - and the girl leaves. When she shuts the door the, the babe in its basket turns around facing another door and a bell is automatically turned on, and the nuns come and get the babe - raise it to the point where the child can go out & take care of itself, or is adopted, and without any of the stain of illegitimacy that prevails in America. The mother is spared the ordeal of facing friends, or others, in getting it cared for - there's no necessity for any rash methods of disposing of the child and no need for leaving it on some doorsteps with the uncertainty of it getting proper care.

In the afternoon we hired a car and went out to the Tropical Gardens - a large garden maintained by the "Tropical Gardens Brewery". And what a garden spot it was! Beautiful flowers & trees & shrubs - all tropical plants - and arranged into the most beautiful garden I've ever seen! And here they serve free beer! Everything free! We spent about an hour there I guess, then went back to town. The Gardens is out several miles and the drive out there takes you past some of the most beautiful homes in Cuba. One mansion has a floor of mother-of-pearl.

Everything today has been so wonderful it all seems unreal - more like a dream!

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ON THE "PRADO"
HAVANA

After getting back from the drive Stoddard & I started out to see the town ~~on~~ foot. We covered quite a bit of the native quarters and it was ~~intensely~~ interesting. We both got haircuts & shaves in one of the native shops. And after more walking around after dark we went back to the ship. And at night Havana is interesting too. All the homes have their windows & doors open - soft music drifting out and pretty señoritas, señoras & señors sitting at the windows or on the balconys. It all seems like a new world - like a story book. So new yet so old and all so romantic. - And so to bed.

SATURDAY DEC 20th

HAVANA - Up early this morning - wrote some cards & went ashore & mailed them. Back to the ship again - busied my self with my cameras then made one more trip ashore, just before lunch. The boat sailed at 1:15 for Panama, and the orchestra played on the Upper Promenade. We rendered "The Star Spangled Banner", "God bless the King", "Sailing Sailing" and "Dixie". We left Havana - having been anchored at the spot where the Maine was sunk - and sailed due west, in ~~sight~~ sight of the North shore of Cuba. The afternoon was uneventful - bright warm day - calm sea & no wind. Just right to loll around. We played on the Upper Promenade again tonight. And thus ends our first visit to a foreign port

SUNDAY DECEMBER 21st

AT SEA – An uninteresting day – slept until noon, feeling groggy from the effects of too much sleep and just sat around all day. No playing today.

AT SEA – MON DEC 22nd

Another quiet day. Rehearsed a Xmas program in the afternoon and played on deck at night. The weather is quite warm & humid. My right ankle is a little sore.

TUE DEC 23rd

PANAMA CANAL –

Arising before dawn, we were greeted by the lights of Colon, as the ship lay at anchor, awaiting daybreak. At 6.30 we started through the channel and at 7.15 we were in the Gatun Locks. In seven minutes the locks were filled and we were again on our way – six electric mules on each side of us, guiding us through in safety.

On either side of us, the mountains and hills of Panama lay before us, covered with a verdure of unsurpassed beauty. And from the depths of the jungles we were greeted with the songs of thousands of birds.

Here we were – sailing along comfortably aboard the S.S. Belgenland – enjoying the thrills of a lifetime – steaming thru a canal that was once the dream of dozens of engineers and finally conquered by Gen. ~~Gath~~ Goethals. We made the trip across to the Pacific in a little over nine hours – while Balboa back in 1513 spent long and feverish days on foot in order to reach his goal

We saw numerous alligators, iguanas, lizards etc along the banks of the canal. Then we passed through Gatun Lake – the largest artificial lake in the world. Then into the Pedro Miguel locks for our first drop – then into the Pacific locks for two more drops. And in a few minutes (4:30 P.M.) we were at dock in Balboa. Here the passengers disembarked for a trip over to Panama City, while I went to bed with a bad ankle. I had Tom bring me back some cigarettes – two cartons for $1.60 – they are cheap here on account of no government tax in the canal zone stores.

Twice during our trip thru the locks, our ship scraped the sides – the Belgenland being the largest passenger to ever go thru the canal. Big 12 x 12 timbers creaked and finally splintered like so much kindling, but no damage done except to the bumpers along the canal wall.

All in all, this trip through the canal is something to be remembered for a lifetime. The grace and ease with which our giant ship is raised and lowered through the various levels; the army and navy planes continually flying over us – sometimes dipping quite low and waving at us; the tropical climate and abundant vegetation – – it's all too dramatic to try to sit down and explain one's feelings or to describe the numerous thrills of this wonderful experience. Another miracle of modern science has been unfolded for us.

WEDNESDAY
~~THURSDAY~~ DEC 24th

AT SEA - off the west coast of Central America. A beautiful calm day - the smoothest sea we've had yet and not too hot on deck. Sat around all morning on a deck chair trying to rest my foot - Monsieur Le Hoctaire says I should stay in bed with it - but it's too nice out on deck & too hot inside. We saw quite a few snakes in the water today - they resembled garter snakes.

The orchestra rehearsed at 2^30 but I missed it. At 4^45 we all went to the Rio to have our vaccination examined - mine was a positive, he said.

We rehearsed with Prof. Einstein this afternoon. At first the hour was set for four o'clock but his secretary came and told us that he was tired - but would be there at 4^30. Then in about a half-hour she came back again and asked us to postpone the rehearsal until five. And so, promptly at five - we were all set up in the Tea Garden - in came Einstein, dressed as he always is in these warm climates - Tan coat, white trousers & funny old shoes. Never a hat on, no shirt or underwear and no sox!

Mr Fischer procured a violin for him and after a few minutes we were listening to one of the world's greatest scientists doing a good job of playing the violin. The first number was "Berceuse" from Jocelyn and it sounded fine.

About then Mrs. Einstein and the secretary came in. They seemed quite pleased with it all.

Then Einstein wanted to play one of Beethoven's Sonatas with the orchestra - but he didn't know where his music was. Our American edition wouldn't do at all, so he sent his secretary out to find it. But she returned emptyhanded then Fritz went out to look for the pianist of the Belgian Orchestra to see if he knew where it was. And he too returned without it. Einstein, by this time was becoming irritated so he said (in German) that he'd go after it.

While he was gone Mr Fischer & Mrs Einstein had quite a talk. She consented to have pictures taken of the orch. with ~~Prof~~ & Mrs Einstein. She speaks English moderately well while the Prof is practically helpless. She says he doesn't care to learn English because he can express himself so much better in German.

And in talking about the Christmas Eve program that we were working on - she quite seriously told Mr Fischer "- But he will wear stockings on his feet tonight - and a collar and tie" !!

Well - Einstein himself returned without the missing Sonata's, so we then played Handel's "Largo". Mrs E. was very well pleased with this number and begged that it be included in the program. So this made three numbers that used in the program - "Adagio" from Beethovens 5th Sonata, with piano acc. by Clem Moreau of the Belgian Orchestra; "Berceuse" by Godard acc. by our orch., and "Largo", with the orch.

We were all glad that Einstein asked to play with our orchestra, and I think he enjoyed it too.

The Christmas Eve Program commenced in the Reception Room at 9^00 with the orch. playing "a Christmas Fantasie". Then a Christmas Carol by the audience - more musical numbers, songs etc; a piano solo by Morean - "2nd Hungarian Rhapsody" that was excellent and a reading by Miss (for 40 yrs or more) - Miss Clarena Yoquelet, "Tampa Romance" that was a scream. All that stuff about floating along on the gentle zephyrs and the budding flowers in the springtime - gestures and all - and she with a mole on her cheek, cross-eyed & with thick glasses - fiery red hair piled high on her head. Oh it was a shame - and she thought everyone was laughing at the faint humor in her story!

Einstein played his numbers well and everyone applauded heartily. And sure enough, he wore sox, shirt & tie & collar - all dolled up for the occasion. But he had to sit down to play - and all spradle legged!

After the program we adjourned to the Upper Promenade Deck for a dance. Here we were treated to some English snowballs - little pellets of colored cotton about the size of a pecan. And after an hour or so of dancing our Xmas Eve was over.

Oh yes - during the program Santa Claus was ushered in with a lot of noise and greetings & presents were distributed. Two of the boys received mouth organs and the band played "Harmonica Harry" with novelty charmers on the harps by Tom & Ted.

But what an odd Xmas Eve this was!

THURSDAY - DEC 25th

AT SEA — Christmas Day has been quite long, dull and uninteresting — nothing about it but the calender to remind one of Christmas. No playing today - just loafing around - playing cards & waiting for bed time. I slept 'till noon & laid around most of the afternoon on a deck chair, resting my foot.

FRIDAY DEC 26th

AT SEA - Off the Coast of southern Mexico. Saw numerous turtles on the water this morning and quite a few petrels. This afternoon it got quite windy and the boat rolled & pitched considerable. It calmed down tho, after sundown & played for a concert in the Reception Room, then dancing on deck.

SATURDAY DEC 27th

AT SEA - Very calm today - the smoothest sea yet and the air was nice and warm - not hot. We saw numerous porpoises & turtles today and many gulls were following the ship. We have been in sight of land (Mexico) all day.) Concert at 8 pm and dancing afterwards.

SUNDAY DEC 28th

AT SEA - Much cooler today as we progress Northwards towards San Diego. Little of interest to write about.

MON - TUE & ~~WED~~ DEC 29 & 30

AT SEA - Still travelling northwest towards San Diego. Time drags slowly and each day is merely routine. Seems like quite a long trip from Panama to San Diego - eight days. The weather is still getting cooler.

WED DEC 31st

SAN DIEGO - CAL. & MEXICO

We arose early this morning - 6 am for quarantine inspection. After waiting on deck for 2 hours in the chilly morning air, we answered to the roll-call & had breakfast.

San Diego did itself proud in welcoming the Belgenland! The dock was crowded with people - schools were closed for the occasion and a general holiday spirit pervaded. There were several hundred high school girls in middy costumes - each with a large poinsetta. They stood there for there first two hours singing and giving their yells - alternating with the school band. But in addition to all these students, streams of autos were wending their way towards our dock - and the surrounding piers were packed with thousands of people.

This is the first visit of the Belgenland to San Diego - the largest steamer to ever dock there. That was one reason for such an ovation. Then Einstein was disembarking here for an auto drive to Pasadena, where he is to confer with professors there - that was another reason for the demonstration.

Soon the gates were thrown open and the students swarmed on the ship. Four talky-movie cameras were below recording the event, and awaiting Prof. Einstein's departure from the ship. The girls distributed their poinsettas among the passengers, while the ship made them the present of a handkerchief. It was quite a gay crowd, and they all seemed so thrilled with the boat.

At 9^30 Stoddard & I left the boat. We had planned to catch the next train to Agua Caliente, Mexico for a short visit, but we just missed the 10 o'clock so we walked up town a ways & came back & caught the 11 o'clock.

A fourty-five minute ride, part orange groves, celery farms & small gardens - then the more barren hills along the border, and we arrived at Agua Caliente. I was somewhat disappointed here, as I had expected to find a town there. Instead, all there is, is a race track, and as neither of us were interested in horse races, we didn't stay there only long enough to take a few pictures.

We then walked back to the Agua Caliente Hotel - one of the finest and most beautiful places I have ever seen. As a hotel it is nothing like we from America have ever seen. To describe it briefly, it should be called a small but elaborate village. ~~About~~ Around a central park one grouped the larger buildings - the lobby - the cafe - & ballroom & other public buildings, corresponding to their respective portions of the larger hotels in America. Then around these buildings are grouped the little individual cottages that represent the rooms & suites. Winding paths & sidewalks, fountains, pools, inviting nooks in every garden - all sorts of tropical ferns, palms & vari-colored cacti & flowers. Geraniums growing four feet high. Each little cottage is of separate and distinctive architecture - each seeming to vie with all the rest for first

place in splendor and beauty. All of these homes are done in that beautiful white stucco or cement that is so distinctly Spanish in style.

We stopped for a moment in the elaborate cafe - of course the open patio style. Tables around the sides and directly before us, across the patio were a chorus of Spanish dancers, tangoing to the strains of the guitars and violins. And in a balcony stood a man and woman singing the last strains of their number. To walk in unexpectedly on such a spectacle is like Alice in Wonderland ~~[illegible]~~ stepping from the mirror. It seemed too much like a dream or a story book to believe it. We stood there quite some time, enthralled with the performance - drinking it in ~~[illegible]~~ with all our power of appreciation.

At every turn there was a picture, and it was mighty hard to try to select which to take and which to pass up. It seemed like one could stay there forever and always see something to photograph.

It was with great reluctance that we left the Agua Caliente Hotel, but time was flying fast and we wanted to do Tia Juana (or Tijuana, as it is spelled in Mexico). So we took a taxi to the Foreign Club there.

Tia Juana is nothing but saloons & gambling houses. There is said to be over 400 bars there. At the ~~[illegible]~~ "Mexicali Bar" we ~~had~~ had a couple of beers. This is the longest bar in the world. At the "Midnight Frolic", We had a pitcher of beer and tasted an enchilada (?) for lunch.

Every "joint" has an orchestra of some description – from a player piano up to 8 or 9-piece bands, and about all they play is waltzes. Each place has a small place for dancing, bar and tables and all sorts of games and machines for gambling. And not a few of these places are quite elaborate, and as a rule prices are quite high on everything.

I guess we must have spent about two hours in Tia Juana when we went up the hill towards the depot. In walking across the border, the American customs guard asked us our nationality and that's all there was to it.

A few minutes past four and we were on the train headed back to San Diego. Tia Juana is quite a tough looking place – people, buildings atmosphere and all. Of course hardly anyone goes there except to drink or gamble – except the few visitors – consequently one couldn't expect anything but that sort of people. But it was all very interesting and different, and I felt that my time was well spent here.

Of course we missed seeing San Diego and Balboa park. We had planned on returning early from Mexico and making the park at least but after we arrived in Caliente we found that there was no train back until 4 p.m.

So we got a newspaper & a paper & went back to the ship. All the papers gave the ship and Einstein a big write-up. The whole 1st page and loads of pictures. News stands near the boat were all sold out when we got back.

At eight p.m. taxis called for the orchestra, taking us to the new El Cortez Hotel, who were welcoming the passengers of the Belgenland with a dance. Our orchestra played from 8^30 until 11^pm. Several acts of Fanchon-Marco and Warner Bros were presented - and some of the tiny girls did some very remarkable dancing.

Then a rush back to the ship - played on deck while we pulled out. The pier was just a mass of humanity at 11^30 when we sailed. And it was certainly a thrilling sight. All the navy ships in the harbor were combing the sky with their powerful searchlights. After getting under way we played for a New Years Eve dance in the Tea Garden where a gay party held sway until 2^30 in the morning

This day has certainly been packed chock full of new and interesting things and it found me quite tired and ready for sleep. From the first minute I came on deck in the morning - the magnificent harbor - many boats - SUBMARINES - planes and the hearty welcome at the pier - until the last sandwich and drink after the dance -- there was never a dull moment. But the minute I touched my bed I was sound asleep - even forgot to turn off the light.

THURSDAY JAN 1st 1931

LOS ANGELES - New year's day - but it didn't seem a bit like New Yrs to me. Lots of thrills - lot of sights but not much of the New Yrs spirit

(NEW YEAR'S DAY)

LOS ANGELES = Was awakened at 8^30 by the boy bringing me lots of mail. Soon afterwards came a note that Kenneth was out on the pier waiting for me. Hurried down to meet them then he and Lucille - his wife - drove thru San Pedro to his home in Long Beach. A hearty breakfast of waffles and coffee - and what a treat too!! We then drove over to Geo. Browning's for a short visit promising to return in the evening for dinner.

Back home to take a few pictures of the kids x son Gary - one year old last Xmas -- Kenneth x Lucille celebrating their 2nd anniversary today.

Then for a long drive about the vicinity - going places and seeing things. Nearly a hundred mile trip. We first went back to the ship for a hurried glance through. Then we headed for Venice, passing thru Redondo Beach, Hermosa Beach, Manhattan Beach, and the forest of oil derricks at the Venice Oil field.

In Venice I found "Rastus" Rush - an old buddy of mine, playing with Mann Bros. Orch. in the Venice Ballroom. Were both quite thrilled and pleased at seeing each other again after an absence of six years. We took a ride on the airplane ride at the park there - and it's quite a ride too.

It started to rain as we left the pike in Venice and from then on for the rest of our trip it rained constantly. Luckily, we were in a closed car.

We continued - driving thru Culver City. Saw the Metro-Goldyn-Mayer Studios, Pathé and Hal Roach Studios there. Then on to Hollywood passing many night-clubs & cafes including the Cotton Club & Montmartre. We stopped for a minute and looked about Graumann's Chinese Theatre. The usher let us go in and look about as it was before show time. It is futile to try to describe the beauty and grandeur of it, so I won't try. On the pavement of the lobby are the hand and foot prints of all the stars of that time.

Coming back towards Los Angeles we passed the Fox studios. We were hard pressed for time - it was dark and raining badly and the streets congested, hence the remainder of the trip didn't net very much. Passed Solomon's Penny Arcade, Pershing Square & Biltmore Hotel.

Came to Vernon - a small town of it's own - all within the city of L. A. then one town after another - At Huntington park, water was up over the curbing. Then over Signal Hill and it's forest of oil derricks.

Back home and one hour late for dinner - slippery streets limiting us to 25 miles per hour. We arrived at Mr. Brownings at a little after eight where we thoroughly enjoyed a good old-fashioned, home cooked dinner. Visited until 10^{30}, then back home, and to bed. And oh how good that bed felt!

(Los Angeles is certainly spread out!)

FRI JAN 2nd 1931

LOS ANGELES — SAILING.

Up at 6 30 — Kenneth working today. Fine breakfast - then bade K. good bye. At eight, we called on the Browning's — Lucille's brother, Maurice, driving. I expected to take them all aboard and show them the ship, but during the night the surge of the tide had snapped the ropes and they were unable to keep the boat at the pier so she anchored out in the harbor. They wouldn't take any ~~passe~~ visitors on board so I had to apologize for the inconvienence and disappointment I had caused them. Kenneth managed to get down there just as I left. I then left on the water taxi and boarded the ship about 9 30.

As the ship pull out about 16 30 the orchestra played on deck. It was quite misty and dull, but we were quite close to the battleships within the breakwater. Could make out the names of two — the Maryland and the California.

Then to catch up with my diary — five days behind. Certainly a job too!

Played overture for picture show — I slept thru the show — then a short dance in the Tea Garden.

Wrote letters until 2 30 Then to bed.

SAT JAN 3rd

SAN FRANCISCO — We pulled thru a chilly fog at Golden Gate docking about eight a.m. The Municipal band was playing at the pier. At nine we went ashore and walked up Market St to the main business district. After a few hours up town, we came back to the boat again about noon. In the afternoon we back up town — Tom going to

a show at the lovely Fox Theatre and I strolled about alone. Went over to the Civic Center - saw the magnificent court house there then rested in the park across the way. Great flocks of pigeons and gulls were about, eating from the hands of those who had peanuts, popcorn or grain for them. It certainly was a pleasant and restful spot.

I didn't get to see any more of Frisco - would certainly have liked to have seen Golden Gate Park and Coffee Dan's but the ~~financial~~ financial condition was bad and I had to forgoe those pleasures, consoling myself with the thought that perhaps I can do those things later. After all, an American city is an American city. When you've seen one you've seen them all. It's the foreign cities that are going to be really interesting.

We were back to the ship about 9 pm. Many people on the boat - over a hundred new passengers and lots of visitors. The most prominent addition to our list is Doug. Fairbanks and party of seven, who are going to the orient on a big game hunt.

It has been rather chilly here in San Francisco, although for a few hours in the afternoon we were without our coats. At night tho, the ship was uncomfortable, and we were all glad to get to bed & get under the covers.

Of the three stops we have made in California, and judging only from what I have seen, I believe I like San Diego the Best. Long Beach and L. A. next and Frisco last. Saw many drunks on the streets of Frisco.

SUNDAY JAN 4th

SANFRANCISCO - SAILING = Our last time in America until we get back. Today our World Cruise really started. Up at eight, breakfast at 8 30 and on deck at 9 when we showed off. Quite chilly ~~outside~~ outside but not foggy like yesterday. Doug Fairbanks & two cameramen were on the top deck a few hours taking some pictures of Doug. A quiet day - no playing and as the ship was chilly everyone went to bed rather early.

MONDAY JAN 5th

AT SEA - Somewhat warmer today but still rather brisk yet. Rather windy and the sea is quite rough. The ship pitches and rolls more than any time before on the trip. But I guess we're getting used to it as none of the bunch was sick. Tea dance on the promenade at 4 and dancing in the Tea Garden at nine. Best crowd yet at the dance. Doug & party were there for a short while. We played a new tune from his latest picture "Reaching for the Moon."

TUESDAY JAN 6th

AT SEA - Fine weather, but cool.

WED & THUR JAN 7th & 8th

AT SEA - Nothing much to write about - beautiful weather and warmer each day. Playing on deck each afternoon from four 'till five and dancing in the Japanese Tea Garden in the evening. Our time during the day is spent playing Hearts or Ping-Pong, or reading or writing. The last day or so before arriving at a port, everyone is busy in catching up on his correspondence.

FRI. JAN 9th

HILO, HAWAII — Up at 7, breakfast at 7:30 and then up on deck to watch our arrival at the first Hawaiian port. On the dock the Hawaiian County Band was playing "Song of the Isle" with six Hawaiian girls singing it. The band in its colorful uniforms - the native girls with their armfuls of leis and the sheer beauty of that music was a thrill to be long remembered.

And what a setting for such a picture - this harbor of Hilo. Green hills all about - all shades of green, from the greenest to the dullest, waving palm trees, blue skies and warm sunshine. And like in Havana, boys were swimming about, diving for coins.

As the passengers disembarked, the Hawaiian girls presented each with a lei. Stoddard & I left the ship about 9:30 and walked to town, which lay about a mile and a half down the road. It was a dandy walk, too, replete with thrills of new charm & beauty. Flowers everywhere, trees and palms and ferns, in such profusion that it simply made one gasp.

Soon we came into Hilo - first passing funny little native stores - run mostly by Chinese & Japanese. Hilo is just a small town, but it's quite modern. It has a most beautiful post office, and the business section is quite everything one could expect of any American town of similar size - except that for scenic beauty, I don't think there's a place in the States that can touch it.

There is a beautiful park and band-stand, right down town, facing the harbor. Here we spent some time watching

a game of Soccer and another game of Cricket - the crew from our ship were having a day of rest and play.

Native and Oriental fishermen were along the water's edge here, and we had the luck to see a Japanese catch a Kite fish. - A flat fish about the size of a platter with a long whip-like tail. On this tail was a very sharp spike - poisonous I believe. Anyway the natives were very careful to keep out of it's way, and the first thing they did was to cut off this tail and throw it away. The fish was then thrown into a gunny sack with several other fish - all strange to me.

In the afternoon five of us hired a bus and went out to Rainbow Falls. The hills out there were just covered with fields of sugar cane. The falls were about three miles from town I believe, and we stayed out there only a few minutes taking pictures. There was a hospital nearby, and some Japanese nurses were near the falls where we were, so we prevailed upon them to let us take some pictures. They were quite shy, but after a lot perfunctory giggles, they acquiesced.

Back to town again where we spent a few more moments again in the park, under the shade of a giant Banyan tree, watching an exciting game of marbles.

Then a taxi to the ship and we sailed at 5.00, with that fine 44-piece band playing Aloha, and those rich Hawaiian voices filling the air with their music.

It was a gay crowd throwing serpentine and waving goodbye.

SATURDAY JAN 10th

HONOLULU - OAHU. We arrived in Honolulu and docked at 8am. Honolulu is quite a city - over 100,000 I believe, and it made quite an imposing sight as we pulled into the harbor. Houses nestled in the valleys and along the shore with the hills in the background, the greenest of green. And of course there was Waikiki Beach and the Royal Hawaiian Hotel just after we passed Diamond Head - that towering hill at the entrance of the harbor.

And again more boys in the water - band playing and singing - many native girls with armfuls of beautiful leis mostly made from the flowers that grow in such profusion on these islands.

Before going ashore, the orchestra was assembled up front on the ship where many photographers were gathered. Doug Fairbanks was greeted there by Richard Arlen and Duke Kahanamoku and ten or twelve Hawaiian girls.

I went ashore alone in the morning and poked around in the business section of town until noon. Honolu is a real modern city - street-cars, traffic cops fine buildings etc. Lunch on the boat then at 1.30 Mr. E.H. Morris, a friend of Burt's, called for us and took us for a very interesting trip about town. He first drove us out to Waikiki Beach where we saw the beautiful Royal Hawaiian Hotel - the most splendid hotel I believe I have ever seen - and the grounds surrounding it, - it seems like man and nature have conspired to make this one of the most beautiful spots in the world.

Next door to the Royal Hawaiian is the exclusive Outrigger Canoe Club. Mr Morris took us all in and outfitted us with suits & towels etc and we had the pleasure of bathing on that world-renowned beach of Waikiki. Of course there were the surf-board riders, the canoes, the strumming of ukes and Hawaiian music. We must have spent two or three hours here, swimming, sun bathing & taking pictures. We all certainly enjoyed it there. Before we left, we dropped in for a moment at the Hotel again where a group of Hawaiian girls were singing and dancing. They had lovely voices and their singing was doubly appreciated in such a wonderful setting.

We then drove out to the Punch Bowl, an old extinct volcano in one edge of the town. It is a fine residential district and we had a splendid view of the city from it's summit.

During our drives, we were continually having little showers — "liquid sunshine", they call it here. And we saw one rainbow after another. We saw the largest and most vivid rainbow from the summit of Punch Bowl, that I have ever seen.

We had dinner back at the ship and we all brought a pineapple back with us. From 9³⁰ 'till 10³⁰ we broadcast over KGU, the radio station of the Honolulu Advertiser. We were served cake & coffee there afterwards.

About 11³⁰ we arrived at the Royal Hawaiian again where a dance was in progress. Mr Morris, his wife & another couple were there, and we all had

a cocktail there. We then went out to this friend's house where we all enjoyed a wonderful time. We were introduced to the native Hawaiian beverage "OKOLEHAU" - quite similar to whisky. Makes dandy highballs! For "bottoms up" they say "Okole Maluna" or HIKI PALUKA. We heard broadcasting from both Japan and California on their radio. It was nearly 2^30 before we got back to the ship - tired but happy.

SUNDAY - JAN 11th

At 9^30 Mr. Morris called again and we had another interesting trip about Honolulu. We first journeyed up Nuuana Valley to the Pali, a high cliff where a conquering King once drove his enemy over to their death. The wind was blowing terribly hard up there - nearly took us off our feet. Then we returned and went up to Pacific Heights a new and most beautiful residential district - a fine view of the city and harbor from here. We tasted some Guava fruit growing on trees along the roadside. Our last ride was through Manoa Valley then back to town. We certainly saw some wonderful scenery and magnificent homes. It is easy to understand how people can come here for a visit, and make it their home.

In a little souvenir shop we were treated to coconut ice-cream. It is made from the milk of fresh coconuts and covered with grated coconut. Best I ever tasted!

We got back from our ride at 11^30 and had lunch aboard ship.

In the afternoon I went ashore alone, and poked around in the little side streets. Ran into a Chinese funeral that was quite interesting. It must have been an Americanized version for it was headed with a brass band. Then several boys carrying banners - then the bears followed by the priest & his joss sticks and then the paid mourners. The relatives then came in cars. But it certainly seemed odd - these mourners & their funny costumes - weeping and wailing - plodding along with their bowed heads.

The ship sailed at 4 pm and the orchestra was on deck to play it out. I think this was the most colorful departure we have made yet. The dock was filled with people and the Royal Hawaiian Band was playing for us. The serpentine between the dock & the ship was just like a huge blanket - it made a canopy over the band below.

As we pulled out into the harbor, Hawaiian boys boarded the ship & climbed up on the highest deck, from which they dove or jumped in.

By nightfall we were out of sight of land and well on our way westward towards Japan, with our longest stretch of water before us - a nine day's voyage.

MON - TUE - WED

"Happy days at sea"

THURSDAY JAN. 15th

The day that never was! We went to bed on Wed Jan 14th and the next morning it was Friday Jan 16th! We have been setting the clock back about a half-hour a day

each day. This will continue of course as long as we continue on our westerly course. On the afternoon of the 14th we crossed the 180th meridian, and went into another day.

So here was one day that was absolutely lost. Nothing accomplished - no cares, no joys, nothing to eat, no sleep, no work. Didn't stay home nor [redacted] go anyplace either. Have I lived one day less than my friends at home?

Shortly before midnight here on the ship it was around 7 am at home Thursday - Wednesday here - after midnight it was still Thursday at home but Friday here! It's a good way to go crazy, trying to figure it all out!

YOKAHAMA — WED JAN 21st

After a few more days at sea - with nothing of importance to write about - we arrived at the harbor of Yokahama, our first port of call in Japan. Early in the morning we were welcomed by a view of the majestic Mt Fuji off the port side, but as we neared Yokahama the view was obscured by mist and low hanging clouds.

It was quite chilly and we all were dressed for winter, although there was no snow there.

At 8 am we docked alongside the pier, which was crowded with people welcoming us. Here we got our first impression of Japan and the Orient. ~~Wodden~~ Wooden shoes clanking noisily about - men with cape-like overcoats - the woemen's queer

coffisatts - coolies with their blue coats, each with the Japanese character of the man whom he works for. Then on the streets, there is a great predominance of bicycles and the familiar coolie - drawn, two - wheeled vehicle called the rickashaw. Beasts of burden are scarce here - only a few donkeys and fewer horses. It is a common sight to see a ~~heavy~~ large two wheeled cart laden with huge boxes of freight or merchandise, drawn by one or two coolies, running between the shafts with a harness around his shoulders or forehead.

Automobiles and trucks are very expensive here and many of the streets are too narrow to permit their use. Hence the bicycles - rickashaws and carts. Automobiles cost about twice as much here as in America.

Well - as the passengers disembarked, there was a great scrambling and pushing to get a glimpse of Doug. Fairbanks. To us now he is just another passenger, but in these foreign ports his presence never fails to make quite a stir.

The day was spent in browsing around on the funny little side streets and in the large modern dept. stores.

In the evening we took the electric train to Tokio - an enjoyable ½ hr. ride. We were met at the depot by the Mgr of J.O.A.K. radio station who drove us out there where we broadcast from 8³⁰ till 9.

The following day we went to Tokio where we put up at the Imperial Hotel - one of the wonder hotels of the world

To attempt to describe this place would be folly. It looks and must be, the dream of a madman yet it is wonderful. It seems to be a combination between the ancient and ultra-modern and between the East and the West. It is the only building in Tokyo that withstood the earthquake of '27.

Tokyo is a very modern city of something like three million population. Hundreds of rickshas and taxis everywhere. The Japanese people are very polite and courteous. Whenever they greet each other there is always a great ceremony of bowing - likewise when they part. And even in the stores and shops they greet you with several bows and a big smile.

On the evening of the 22nd we played for a ball in the Imperial Hotel, where was gathered the largest crowd they ever had. Many noblemen were there and the gowns and robes of some of the ~~[illegible]~~ women were simply dazzling. Fairbanks was the guest of honor and was presented with an ancient tribal robe of gold cloth.

Our music was certainly appreciated and they cheered and applauded plenty. Our platform in the balcony was crowded with musicians, and to say they liked us puts it mildly. They were certainly taking in everything.

They told me that I was the first one to play slap-string bass in Japan. And being the first time they had ever seen such a queer method of playing, they never failed to get a kick out of it every time I picked up my string bass.

And behind our stage, they kept two tables loaded with sandwiches, beer and champagne - so I think we enjoyed playing there just as much as they enjoyed us.

The 23rd was open. We had breakfast at the Imperial hotel and later went back to the ship in Yokahama. The Hotel presented each of us with a Cooler Coat with their name on it.

SAT JAN 24th we played in the Florida Ballroom in Tokyo. The manager first drove us in cars from the ship thru some interesting streets to Tokyo. Then a fine dinner in the cafe below his hall. A wonderful big crowd at the dance, and they certainly love American jazz. Japanese girls don't attend dances - except the regular paid dancing girls. There were about fifty here at the Florida - and mighty fine dancers too. Some were dressed in American clothes and some in native Kimonos and cork-soled Japanese sandals. Dance tickets are ten cents a dance, the girls getting half. Sun Night we ~~plays~~ played a return engagement to another capacity crowd. The orchestra plays three or four numbers then they dance to a phonograph for another three or four, thus the orchestra gets a chance to rest or dance, as they choose.

After the dance we had another supper and the Mgr. presented Chas. with a silver cup - the prize for winning a battle of music - and we all drank champagne from it.

MON JAN 26 was spent - just browsed around. TUE JAN 27 we sailed at 6 am for Kobe, arriving there the next day.

Osaka Jan 29th

Our Japanese Dinner

Our host from J.O.B.K. radio station took us to the finest restaurant in Osaka. At the entrance we removed our shoes & checked them with the porter. Upstairs we marched — over polished floors in our stocking feet — to our private dining room, the little Japanese girl kneeling as she opened the sliding door. With the exception of a solitary picture, the room was undecorated.

We all grouped ourselves about three low tables — setting on silk pillows. Next we were served with drinks. Some chose beer, others took saki — or rice wine, served hot. Then came some smoked fish and chop sticks — and with these chop sticks we ate our entire meal. Then came the main course.

Each table had an electric hot plate in the center, on which was placed the pan to cook our meal. (Each table had a waitress who was also the cook). Trays of sliced beef & various vegetables were brought in and the dinner proceeded. A few pieces of beef were put in, some pieces of potatoes — three or four other vegetables, a little water and some coarse sugar. When this had simmered a few minutes, we would reach in with our chop sticks, take out a morsel, dip it in beaten egg that we had in a cup — and then enjoy a most luscious bit of Japanese food. No plates or bowls or knives or forks. Only this cup of egg and our chop sticks. Well — we ate and ate and the more we ate the more our cook would fill up the pan.

After about an hour of this, we had some big delicious tangerines. Then another hot, damp towel to clean up a bit. Then came a funny little porcelain vessel like a cuspidor with a cup on top. In the cup was some warm peppermint-flavored water, which was used to rinse out the mouth, and then disposed of in the bottom half of the receptacle. After this had been passed around we all left happily and longing for more dinner like that one.

finest — we were all given a damp towel, with which we cleaned our hands & faces

40991 - Harmonica Harry
40992 - Ding Dong Daddy
40993 - Kusatsu
40994 - Kuana Tonosan

KOBE — WED JAN 28th

Kobe is quite similar to Yokahama but a smaller city. We walked up town upon arriving - sightseeing and shopping. In the evening we played at the Amagasaki Dance Hall at Amagasaki on the road from Kobe to Osaka. ~~This is the finest and most modern ballroom of the Orient and one of the finest I have ever seen.~~

Thur 29th Broadcast J.O.B.K. Japanese Dinner

FRI ~~[illegible]~~ JAN 30th

We arose early and at 8am we took taxies to Osaka where we spent nearly ½ hrs at the Columbia Recording Co's labratories, making two double records. We recorded Ding Dong Daddy and Harmonica Harry on one record and two Japanese Folk songs - jazz style - on the other.

At 6pm we played at the Dance Palace at Hanshin-Kankan - between Amagasaki & Kobe. This is the finest and most modern ballroom of the Orient and one of the finest I have ever seen. At 8.30 we left and drove back to Kobe where we played for a ball from 10pm until 3am. It was a mighty hard day, being on the go for about 21 hrs.

At 6am Jan 31st we sailed for the Inland Sea, one of the beauty spots of the world - many little islands and a calm beautiful sea. ~~[illegible]~~ Photography here is forbidden by Japanese athorities as it is one of their naval strongholds. Although we never saw a single battleship there, no doubt there were plenty hidden back of those many islands.

At ~~[illegible]~~ the sacred island of Whajima we stopped for a few hours while the passengers went ashore to see

the original Torii gate (⛩), temples and tame deer that abound there.

We then set sail for Chingwangtao the port of Peking, arriving there Wed Feb 8th.

CHINGWANGTAO – WED. FEB 8th

It was very cold there – several degrees below freezing and the harbor full of ice. It was over an hour before the tender was alongside our ship due to the ice between the two ships. Finally the passengers disembarked for a four day's trip to Peking & the Great Wall, while the crew remained aboard and had their Xmas celebration. The first evening was devoted to a picture show followed by a dance. Next evening was a dance and the third evening was a cabaret show and dance. We in the orchestra didn't get to participate much in these activities as we were playing all the time. However, the crew bought us plenty beer, in fact more than we could drink and we had more than two dozen bottles left over that we took to our staterooms.

The cold was intense, and the ice so bad that the ship had to keep moving constantly to keep from freezing. In fact we steamed 150 miles south in order to get out of it, where we waited until time to go back & pick up the passengers. There was some doubt at first whether the tender could buck the ice & get back to us, but they made it all right and we sailed for Shanghai on Sun Feb 8th.

SHANGHAI TUE FEB 10th

We anchored at the mouth of the Yangstee-Kiang River 6 p.m. and took a tender up to Shanghai next a.m. a ride of about forty minutes. Here we passed numerous sampans and junks – small boats, peculiarly Chinese.

Some of these sampans are hardly larger than a good sized row boat, yet whole families live on them – some of them live and die on them – never getting off. Some carry disease and are never permitted to land. There is a little island there where they may go for fresh water. Eventually they die and their sampan is found floating around.

Shanghai is the 5th largest city in the world, the Foreign and French concessions being quite modern and up-to-date, but there is quite a large native section that is quite crowded & filthy. Beggars and cripples are so numerous they are a nuisance – constantly crying "Cumshaw".

Many of the sampans subsist wholly by begging. They flock around the ships begging for cumshaw – old grandmothers down to little tots barely big enough to walk. They put up nets to catch ~~garb~~ garbage that is thrown from the ship. Stale buns or old chicken feet & heads and even worse things than that, are greedily caught up from the water, to be used as food. No sea gulls are here – it is said that the Chinese leave nothing they can eat. Yet these Chinese live year in and year out this way – as many as 7 or 8 on a boat.

In the Palace Hotel where we stopped for a beer, we met a Mr. Direly, a U.S. Deputy Marshal, who invited us to his home for tiffin. Here we met his Chinese wife and 8 yr old son. She was certainly charming & interesting – being educated in Europe & speaking several languages. She spoke very fine English & had a good sense of humor too.

The tiffin, or lunch, was wonderful although prepared by their Chinese cook on the spur of the moment. After a course of T-bone steak & french fried potatoes, we were dumbfounded

with being offered a second meat course of roast pork & browned potatoes!

They were very hospitable, and after tiffin Mrs Dively went with us to some Chinese silk shops where some of the boys picked up some nice buys in ladies silks. She certainly would tell them plenty whenever these shopkeepers would try to charge us two prices. We thoroughly enjoyed our short acquaintance with the Dively's and we all wished those 7 hrs might have been days or even weeks.

We pulled anchor for Hong Kong at 9 P^m, Mon Feb 11th

Our trip to Hong Kong more enjoyable because the weather was getting warmer each day. We passed numerous fleets of fishing junks. On Friday the 13th – a good day for it – we hit a sampan about 7 oclock in the evening. They were running without lights & our ship cut it squarely in two. We had gone nearly a quarter of a mile before we could stop & lower a life-boat and it seemed ages before our men could get to them. But thru the pitch darkness we could hear them moan and cry, and I believe it was the most agonizing and heart rending sound I have ever heard. And the life buoys with lights, floating around everywhere but not even close to the wreckage – only added to the grewsomeness of it all. But in about ten minutes our boat had reached them and their voices had stilled. But it sounded like there must have been a thousand out there yelling. I doubted whether the life boat could hold them all. In another ten minutes they were hoisted up on the ship and taken off to the hospital. Nine men – all hands saved! The next day we saw them on deck, and they were certainly a hard looking lot!

At Hong Kong they were sent to a hospital - one was cut over the eye, but the rest were all right. We later learned that the Chinese fishermen always carry their families with them, but that pirates never do. So the fact that all these survivors were men, leads us to believe that we had rescued a band of pirates. We were also told that the reason some other fishermen, who were nearby, didn't pick them up, is because whenever they save someone like that, they are obliged to take care for them for life or else get them another ship. Consequently they "chose to run". The passengers on the ship took up a collection of $200.00 for the survivors.

HONG KONG SAT FEB 14th

Fog held us up several hours at Hong Kong, but we finally anchored in the middle of the harbour at noon - one of the most beautiful in the world. Hong Kong on one side, built up on the side of a high peak and Kowloon stretching away on the other side. Begger sampans were very numerous here and swarmed about our ship constantly. Two large barges - one on each side, were floating bazzars, where one could purchase all sort of things - Florida Water, Rattan furniture, canaries, camphor wood boxes, Sun helmets, sox or tooth paste.

At night the harbor is particularly beautiful - the lights from the peak reminding one of a giant X-mas tree.

It was Chinese New Year here, and between the celebrations of it - firecrackers etc, - and the Chinese funerals, it's just like circus day at home - just one parade after another. And the streets are crowded like the 5 and 10 on Saturday afternoon.

First thing on going ashore, we all went to Lee Sing - tailor and ordered suits. I got two white duck suits and a monkey jacket - suits at $2.50 each and a monkey jacket for $1.75. Most of Sat afternoon and Sunday was spent in browsing around and shopping. Everywhere we went there was always some Chinaman following or leading us to some shop or other. It seems that these fellows get from 5% to 10% of each sale that they make. Mon. morning - Feb 16th we took rickshas to the cable railway station and then took the cable car up to the summit of the peak where we had a magnificent view of the two cities & the harbor. At 5 pm. we sailed for Manilla.

MANILLA - Wed Feb 18th

We arrived in Manila early in the morning and had inspection at 6 am. We docked at 8 at one of the world's finest piers, where a 58-piece army band greeted us. Going ashore I enjoyed an hour and a half ride in a carromata - the native two-wheeled pony cart. Manila is quite a large and old city. Old Manila is surrounded by a wall built in the 16th century - an old fortification built by the Spaniards.

In the afternoon I walked for several hours, ~~through~~ thru the business district and out into the old city. Manila seems like a combination of Havana and Honolulu with a little of China mixed in. Truly it is the melting pot of the Orient.

It was quite warm in Manila and it was well that we had our whites and cork helmets to better withstand the heat. Snakeskin novelties - voile dresses and straw hats are the special products offered here. We sailed for Bangkok at 3 pm Feb 19th.

BANGKOK - SIAM

On the morning of Mon Feb 23rd we anchored several miles out from the city of Paknam. Two tenders called at 6^45 and the orchestra split up - Ted, Charlie & I going on the first one, and the rest on the other. Coming back we played on the tender as it was about a two-hour's ride. At Paknam we saw our first of the Siamese - who look very much like the Chinese - in fact 50% of the population is Chinese. Old men & women chewing beetlenut, which stains their teeth dark red and eventually causes them to fall out. Little kids running around naked or being carried either by their mother or one of the other children. In China & Japan the children are carried on the back in a sort of a sling, but here in Siam they are merely held straddle-legged on one hip.

At 9^am we boarded the train for Bangkok - a 40 minute trip. The funniest little open cars and narrow-gauge tracks. Our ride took us thru strips of jungle, little native huts built on piles near the canals. Most of the travel is by native canoes as there is almost a network of canals here. In the rice fields were all kinds of domesticated water-buffalo like we first saw in Manila.

At the Wireless Station we took autos for a short sightseeing trip thru town, finally taking a launch across the river where we visited a Siamese Temple, Wat Arun, built about 200 yrs ago by a Chinese king. All the decorative details of this temple are pieces of crockery, salvaged from an English ship that was loaded with crockery and was wrecked at that spot in the river. It would be pretty hard to describe one of these temples, except that they exceed in beauty and grandeur anything we have yet seen. Plenty of Buddas everywhere - stone, bronze or gold.

Then we came back, and were driven to Wat Po, the temple built by the 1st Siamese King.

Sleeping Budda at Wat Po - over 100 ft long. Wat Po, being about 50 years newer, was in a little better condition. There must have been hundreds of life size Buddas there, and dozens of huge massive ones. At 11^{45} we came to the Grand Palace - a most magnificent and imposing structure, and also the Temple of the Emerald Budda where there was an image of the Budda, about a foot high, cut from Emerald.

At the Royal Hotel we had lunch - a ten course affair, and very good.

Leaving the hotel early we went to the new Palace - the most elaborate and lavishly decorated building I have ever seen. We were conducted into the throne room, passed armed soldiers and permitted to get a glimpse of the throne. I started to take a picture of the interior but was firmly dissuaded by our guide.

Going out into the courtyard we came to the famous sacred White Elephant - and what a goat it was! A huge good looking elephant but anything but white, except for a few streaks along his ears and trunk. They did have some white monkeys tho!

After leaving the Palace we were driven to Wat Benjamabopitr the newest and finest of the temples. Here we could see the workmen painting the detailed pictures on the wall, which were to tell the story of the King who is building it.

Each Siamese must serve two years as a priest. We saw numbers of them, with their bright yellow robes and shaven heads. They must get their food by begging and it is a bad omen for anyone to refuse them. One of these priests showed us thru part of his school nearby.

At 4^{pm} we arrived at the Phya Thai Palace Hotel for tea. This used to be the Royal Palace at one time. After tea on the lawn we witnessed an open air presentation of Classical Siamese Dancing - interesting for its oddity at first

but it soon gets dreadfully monotonous. The 10 girls were dressed up in glittering highly decorated costumes, their faces painted white & their eyebrows & lips heavily painted. They danced to a six-piece orchestra – two xylophones and two other instruments similar to xylophones only made of metal cups, and a tom-tom. There were also four or five old women clanking strips of metal together every once in a while. – These Siamese have no use for chairs – being the most removed from civilation of any people we have visited. They always squat on the ground.

There was also a game of Takraw going on there. A ball made of woven rattan was knocked from one player to another, without using their hands. They were exceptionally clever batting it with their heads, shoulders, feet or knees.

At 5¹⁵ we were back at the Wireless Station where we boarded the train four our return to Paknam. At each little village – crowds were there – little children cheering us. At six we boarded the tender and headed out towards the ship. Charlie, Ted & I played a few old songs, but most everyone was too tired to sing much. The sea was pretty rough four our little tender – big waves slapping her like hitting bottom. Once as we were circling to get closer to the Belgenland, we listed heavily and a big wave hit us on the low side – the side we were playing on – and everyone got soaked. Then we had quite an exciting time at the gangway – our tender bouncing up and down continually. Once we bumped the Belgenland hard enough to knock several people down who were on the tender. Broke a hawser once and had to start all over again.

But once aboard the Belgenland again, we all gave a sigh of relief. We were all quite tired yet agreed that Siam & Bangkok had been the most interesting spot of the cruise. And so to bed.

SINGAPORE – Federated Malay States.

We were docked at the pier early on the morning of Thur. Feb 26th. Soon after 8.00 o'clock we went ashore and caught a bus up town.

Singapore is the crossroads of the Orient. It is an island, but connected to the mainland by several bridges. Singapore is under British domain, so most of the white men there are British. But the most of the population is oriental – Hindu, Chinese, Japanese and Malay. It is not an exceptionally interesting place – at least, after having seen Japan, China and Siam.

We spent a few hours up town – many Hindus following us trying to sell us precious (?) stones or tell our fortunes. One fellow asked $65.00 for a couple of supposed Alexandrites, and after a few minutes dickering sold them and a sapphire for 74¢, Singapore money – which was about 40¢. And then all the rest wanted to sell to us for the same prices, so there must have been good profit there, even at that price. We watched some boys gambling near the water front for a while – something like tossing coins.

By noon we had found our way to the Raffles Hotel where we sat for some time, getting relief from the hot sun. After an hour or so there I went out alone in the afternoon walking up ~~and~~ and down the streets & in shops – just browsing around and trying to get some pictures of local color.

About five I caught a bus back to the ship. Being tired I didn't go to town in the evening. We had a game of hearts back aft instead.

On the dock that evening we saw an old Hindu with his wife – a young girl of about nine or ten.

NEPTUNE'S CELEBRATION

Sat Feb 28th. On Friday afternoon we crossed the equator and entered the southern hemisphere. As is the custom of all ships crossing the equator, Neptune comes aboard and initiates all who haven't crossed before.

After lunch, everyone donned bathing suits or old clothes. We of the orchestra wore bathing suits - then we all donned ~~&~~ gunny sacks. The Tea Garden was converted into a general dressing room where the various costumes & makeup were put on. ~~and~~ Besides our gunny sacks and make-ups we wore some funny militaristic caps. There were all sorts of pirates and tough looking characters after a short while. King Neptune & his Queen & retinue of servant girls and several little black boys. There have been 30 or 40 people officiating in the ceremony.

About 2 the ceremony started with a parade. Our band leading, we went down to "D" deck, marched forward thru the working-alley-way and up thru the laundry to the foreward deck where we were halted by the Captain. After explaining that King Neptune had boarded the ship this day to initiate all novices into his realm, the procession was allowed to continue. We ascended to "A" deck, marched aft around the veranda and back to one of the deck swimming pools, which had been prepared for the occasion.

There the King mounted to his throne and main ceremony commenced. As each novice was called he (or she) either came forward voluntarily or was brought by the pirates before the King and seated on a bench at the edge of the pool. The King's prosecutor read the charge against the victim - the defense counsel read the defense, but invariably the King would pronounce a sentence of "guilty - give him the works."

Then the "fun" (?) commenced. A mixture of soap, butter & mustard & whatnot, smeared over the face & hair, a shave with a large wooden razor, a couple of applications - internally & externally of various kinds of liquor (?)

Someone else was busy with a big squirt gun - another was cracking nuts before the victim's ~~mouth~~ mouth. In fact they had so many different stunts, it would be difficult to catalog them. But after a thorough going-over line, the victim was pushed over into the pool where four or five more pirates gave him several good duckings. Some of the victims were sentenced to the sling and were put in this, hoisted ~~up~~ up into the air and dropped into the water several times. And all this to men an women alike.

But no one was put thru this rigorous initiation without their consent. Practically everyone turned out for the celebration, but of course there were a few who were too timid, and hid out all day. But everyone was given a certificate that evening showing they had been admitted to the realms of King Neptune. And among the first to ask for their certificate, were those who were out of sight during the festivities.

It was all a lot of fun and everyone enjoyed it immensely. But the ship was certainly a sight afterwards. Everyone dripping wet - water in all the hallways, wet, dirty bathing suits - people all smeared with ~~[illegible]~~ grease-paint, half washed off. But since everyone was in on it, everyone got a kick out of it. Even the spectators - the timid or those who had been thru before - got a share of the water, for someone hooked up a hose and showered them all. Even the captain got a soaking, and eventually King Neptune got pushed into the tank, as well as the purser, who had been acting as a master of ~~ce~~ ceremonies.

This all took place in about three hours - this ~~[illegible]~~ crossing-the-line celebration that we all had heard so much about, and had been looking forward to.

JAVA

Tandjong - Priok & Batavia & Weltervreeden

Sun. Mar 1st we lay at anchor at the docks in Tandjong - Priok, a little native village — the harbor for Batavia, about 10 miles distant.

The first three days were spent in Tandjong - Priok and on the ship. It is a quaint little village, within easy walking distance from the ship. There are several cabarets & bars catering to the sailors — this being quite a busy port. The first we came to was the "Zeemanshuis" or "Seamen's House", a bar and recreation house for sailors. Then there was the "Tokyo", a Japanese cabaret, and the "ABC Bar" a large open air cabaret that does a volume of business from the ship's. There was also a Dutch cabaret with a player piano and an old Dutchman fiddling to it — playing all the good classics — while standing out near the sidewalk.

Java is under the Dutch government as one soon learns from reading any of the signs or papers. The natives all seem happy and contented here, and we found no beggars on the streets. There was no evidence of wealth in this little village, still no signs of extreme poverty like we saw everywhere in China. The people here are short but of fine build. The women especially are more attractive than any we have yet seen in the Orient. The Japanese woman is appealing for her friendly courtesy and well-groomed appearance and good nature. But these girls in Java — while not so attractively dressed, and their hair done simply in a knot behind — they have a charm that is quite appealing. The most of them have forms that many an American girl would envy. Most of the natives file their teeth — dressing them down to a smooth flat row. They tell us that it hurts to do this — and I can well imagine it does.

The most noted product from here - at least from the travellers viewpoint, is batik - a native cloth distinctive for it's dyed patterns. The cloth is coated with wax, a design then engraved upon it, and then it is dipped in a dye. The cloth is then boiled - another coating of wax - ~~then~~ more engraving - then another dipping in another dye. And so on until the design is finished. It is hard to find two pieces alike, and we saw no pieces longer than 2½ yards. All the natives wear batik, both for turbans and for skirts. Both men and women wear skirts here - the men sometimes wearing a skirt over their trousers.

The favorite vehicle here is a horse-drawn carriage very similar to the carromata in Manila. But of course there are autos and bicycles - but no rickashas. Many goats roam the streets at will.

One night on a trip to the village we took in a native dance. Next door to the theatre (Showing Charlie Chaplin in "Shoulder Arms"!) is a large lot surrounded by a high fence. We paid 15 ¢ (about .06 ¢ American) and went in. There were three orchestras - all playing at once, and a group of dancers before each band - somewhat resembling a square dance. The music was quite similar to the Siamese - queer marimba-like instruments, an odd fiddle and a musette. Very weird, and monotonous - it ought to drive one crazy to listen to it all the time. And of course, the foundation of all oriental music is the tom-toms. ~~The~~ Their incessant beating was terrible to listen to. As for the dance, it seemed quite uninteresting. We couldn't understand it - there appeared to be no rythm at all, yet the boys and girls all seemed to be dancing alike, evidently going thru a certain routine of steps and motions. Still none of us could figure it out and our only appreciation of the spectacle was from it's curiosity.

Wed nite, Mar. 4th we drove to Weltevreeden (New Batavia) to play at the Harmony Club (10-1) We left the ship at 7.30, driving thru a tropical rain most of the way. During this rainy season it rains every night. Connecting Tandjong Priok & Batavia we saw five modes of transportation all together - steam railway, electric tram automobile, canal and pedestrian (including the delman or horse-drawn two-wheeled carriage similar to the carromata of Manila).

Weltevreeden is a fine large modern city, judging from the limited view we got of it this one evening. The large canal which runs thru the center of the main street is used for traffic as well as bathing and laundering.

As for the dance at the Harmony Club it wasn't such a success, on account of the rain, and the fact that Wed. night there is a poor night for social activities. Wed. is the day they receive and send their mail, so they give over the whole day practically to reading their letters ~~and~~ from home and writing their replies. The vice-president of the Nederlandsche Stoomvaart Maatschappy entertained us there with champagne and other drinks otherwise it might have been a rather dull evening.

Thur, Mar 5th We sailed at 5 pm for Padang, Sumatra, arriving there after an uneventful trip, on Sat. Mar 7th. We lay at anchor off the shore - the passengers going ashore in two small tenders and in some of the ship's life boats. Accomodations were so meagre that the orchestra wasn't allowed to go ashore. We spent the day playing deck games, cards and swimming.

We sailed at 6 pm for Colombo, Ceylon. During the past few weeks in the tropics ~~the~~ thermometer in my stateroom has been between 85° & 88° all the time.

WED MAR 11th

Colombo, Ceylon. We anchored early in the morning within the breakwaters of the harbor. Spent most of the morning waiting for and reading the ever welcome letters from home. Going ashore in the afternoon we spent our time in the usual way. We walked around a bit - the business section being right near the jetty. We also hired a car for an hour & ½ driving thru some of the residential section, native shops to the Cinnamon Gardens & then to the Museum & zoo - which we found very interesting. On the way back we stopped at the Galle Face Hotel where we witnessed a Hindu fakir grow a mango tree from a seed.

The natives here are all black, being mostly Hindus, Mohammadans & Sengalese. Colombo is the main port of Ceylon, and besides being a big shipping center - exporting spices, tea, rubber, ebony and ivory - it is the biggest gem market in the world. Everywhere you go, you see gem shops, and the merchants went after the tourists like a beagle goes after a rabbit. It's really distressing to walk along the streets on account of their constant bickering. And beggars too, are so numerous that one is never without them. They all call you "Master". "Master, come in - I show you ebony elephants - star sapphire - no buy, just look." And once in their shop it's a job to get out without buying something.

We got our first ideas of India and her customs, here in Colombo. We saw the Bramin cattle which are the beasts of burden. Many of the drivers, instead of using the whip, simply kick them or dig them with their long hard toenails - or else twist their tail. They claim it is much easier than swinging a whip - yet they don't mention how cruel it is.

We played every night (3 nites) in the Grand Oriental Hotel and on our last day, broadcast from the Colombo Broadcasting Station at noon.

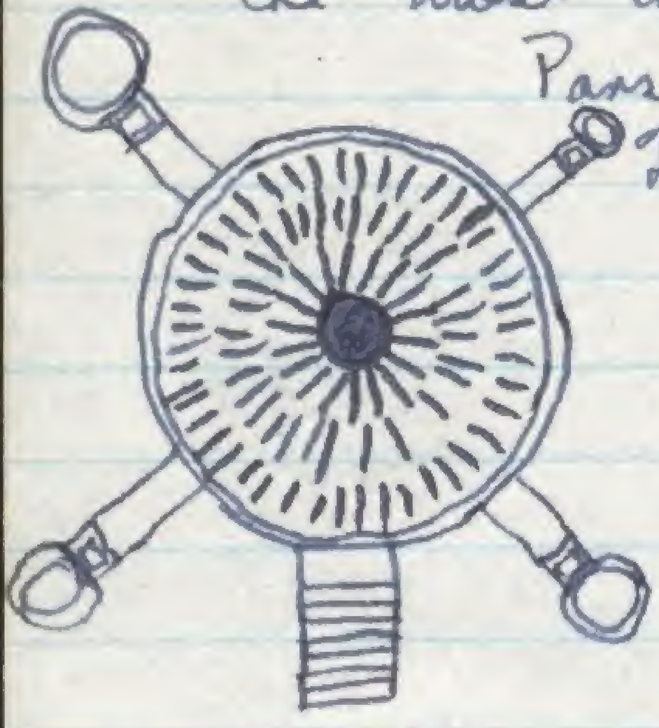
We sailed about 6¹⁵ pm on Sat Mar 14th for Bombay.

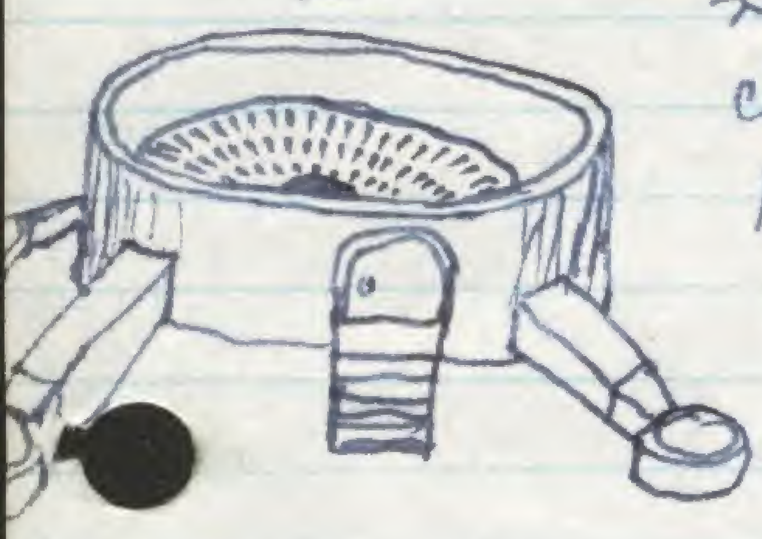
Bombay, India - Tue Mar. 17th 1931

After a 3 day's voyage from Colombo, we arrived at the harbor of Bombay about 5 o'clock in the morning, anchoring about a mile out. After the usual wait for mail and the anxious moments reading the news from home, we went ashore about 10 a.m. Our tender docked at the Gateway of India - a huge archway and a regular bazaar of Hindu fortune-tellers, snake-charmers and vendors - all of which are just for the tourist, and, needless to say, practically worthless. But the snake-charmers were interesting, with their bag of tricks. After a few displays of their magic tricks and sleight of hand tricks - some of which were quite clever and ~~enter~~ amusing - they brought out their snakes, from their baskets. Squatted on the ground, they played on their gourd flutes, while the "cobras, pythons and stone-snakes were supposed to be "charmed." Then from a bag he brought out a mongoose crying "Mongoose Billie snake", and then proceeds to take up a collection from the crowd surrounding him. If the collection seems sufficient he sic's the mongoose on the cobra and a fight ensues. The snake strikes and hisses at the mongoose - the hood on the snake's neck distended and making it look quite threatening. (I don't know whether these cobras are as dangerous as they are supposed to be or not. But the ease with which they are handled leads one to suspect that their fangs have been removed or are in some way rendered harmless.) But finally the mongoose darts in - quick as lightning and gets a death grip on the cobra's neck - remaining so, until the snake is dead. The snake coils itself around the body of the mongoose, endeavoring to crush and strangle it, but with it's strength ebbing away, it has no chance against the ever victorious mongoose.

A collection of about 2 rupees (74¢) is usually sufficient to get a snake & mongoose fight.

At the Taj Mahal Hotel - right near the Gateway - we stopped for a moment and had a "coke" - and it certainly tasted good. We spent nearly an hour in the Prince of Wales Museum. One of the most interesting features there is a model of the Parsee Tower of Silence, on Malabar Hill.





This is the burial place of the Parsees - a caste of the higher type - merchants etc. It consists of a concrete tower about fifty feet high and 300 ft in circumference. There are three circular rows of depressions in the floor - the outer row for men, the center row for women and the inner row for children. In the center is a pit with 4 passageways leading out to charcoal filters and sand filters.

According to the religion of the Parsee the earth, water and fire are sacred and must not be contaminated. (A dead body is unclean) Hence they cannot bury their dead in the ground, nor throw it in the sea nor cremate it. So they have devised this Silent Tower where the vultures dispose of the body.

The body is brought to the building near this tower where two attendants receive it. After they take it, no one ever sees it again. All clothing is removed and destroyed at once, and the body is taken up the stairs and placed within the tower in one of the shallow troughs. Within 2 or 3 hours the vultures have carried away all the flesh, and it only remains to the intense tropical sun and rain to do the rest. The bones are pushed into the central pit where they gradually go to dust - are washed by the rain into the charcoal and sand filters and finally seep into the ground below. One family owns and care for this tower and it goes on from one generation to another. No one is permitted to go within, except the attendants and even airplanes are barred from flying near it.

In the afternoon we hired a taxi and drove out to the Burning Ghats. This is where the Hindu's cremate their dead. Passing thru a gateway & a small courtyard we came to an open yard. There we saw a row of ten grates. At the moment they were lighting the fire under the 3rd one. It was piled about 6 ft. high with logs and we could see the body - wrapped in cloth - near the top of the pile. From the first grate attendants were carefully gathering up the ashes. These ashes are thrown into the sea with the exception of a small amount which is put in a small silver or gold box and worn about the neck of some relative. The fire at the second grating was just dying out and the birds were pecking about at the rice cakes which are left with body, but sometimes roll out of the fire.

We stayed there quite a while chatting with the mourners, one of whom was the husband of the woman who was being cremated. After attending to the fire he discussed with us about the various methods of burial in America. It pleased him to learn that many Americans prefer cremation. But he didn't seem to be a bit in mourning, and to all outward aspects it seemed more like a huge bonfire rather than a funeral pyre. There seemed nothing sacred about it and it was open to the public with no ceremony whatsoever. Soon the wind shifted and the odor soon gave us cause to leave.

Everywhere one goes in India one is confronted with beggars. It's part of their religion. The continual cry for "Bakshesh" gets quite motonous. Coolies, or "guides," everywhere - wanting to show you around or carry your bundles or do any little favor in order to get bakshesh.

In the evening Mahatma Ghandi spoke to 52,000 people - the largest crowd ever assembled in Bombay. Some of the boys attended, but as I was on the ship I didn't learn of it 'till too late.

Ghandi has quite a following in India and he has been quite successful in stirring up hatred against England. At present he is advocating a policy of ~~[illegible]~~ non-violence, mainly thru boycott. He doesn't want any bloodshed, but he is making his influence felt by not buying English products. But many of the people that a war is inevitable there and it is easy to see that the Indian carries a fierce resentment for the Englishman.

There are many Mohammedans in Bombay. They seem a much higher type of people than the Hindus. One reason for this is their disbelief in child marriage. But the Hindu with his inhuman religous beliefs - marrying girls in their teens and often before - the way their children are brought into the world and their general social conditions and practices -- it is a wonder that they continue to survive at all. Skinny and emaciated and crippled - sometimes purposely maimed in order to evoke pity when they go begging. Most all are illiterate and diseased.

Hundreds of people - oh I suppose hundred of thousands - are without homes or any possessions other than the rags on their back. At night they lie down on the sidewalk or in a doorway and sleep. One must be careful in walking about at night for they are everywhere.

The cow is sacred to the Hindu's and roam about at will, unmolested. At the market - a huge and interesting place - we saw 5 or 6 cows wandering about. And even out on the busy streets. Cars and vehicles must look out for them. How would it seem in America to see a cow standing on the sidewalk nosing into some shop door?

On Thursday Mar. 19th we broadcast from the Indian Broadcasting Co from 9 30 till 11 00. Then again on Monday. Tuesday the 24th we played at the Taj Mahal Hotel alternating with Harold Elmes' Orchestra. On Wed. nite we played at the Bombay Gymkhana club from 10 till 2 30.

Ten days in Bombay was a terribly long time. It was quite hot there and nothing of absorbing interest. To go up town meant fighting off beggars "guides" and hawkers continually and after you got up town there was nothing there. If one had the money to spend he could take many interesting trips by motor or train, but this is a very expensive method of killing time.

I was quite disappointed in not getting to go to Agra and seeing the Taj Mahal but none of the orchestra got to go. It was a 36-hr. trip on the train.

Many of the passengers left the ship at Colombo for an overland trip thru India. This was the cause of our ten-day stop in Bombay. But everyone was quite ready to leave India and I haven't heard anyone wish to see it again.

On Friday March 27th we sailed. At 12:30 there was a medical inspection by the Bombay doctors and at 2:00 we pulled anchor, sailing west and a little south, towards the entrance to the Red Sea where we call at Port Sudan, Port Tewfik and Alexandria.

PORT SUDAN - Thur April 2nd

Slept right thru it. Anchored early in the morning about 12 miles from shore. Optional tour left to go to lower Egypt. We were on our way again when I arose.

PORT TEWFIK - Sat April 4th

Arrived early in the morning, the passengers disembarking by 11:00 am for an overland trip to Cairo & Luxor & Jerusalem. We entered the SUEZ CANAL about noon. Soon after leaving the village of Tewfik we were in desolate desert wastes, rising to the mountains on the west and stretching away to the horizon on the east. Of first interest was the remains of World War defences. Gun placements, dugouts, trenches and barbed-wire entanglements were still in evidence all along even after 13 years.

Occassionally we would pass a forlorn group of houses or a deserted & crumbling adobe shack. A few camels now and then - donkies too - and a few herdsmen tending their goats along the few grassy patches near the canal bank.

At night we lay at anchor in a lake about the middle of this 98 mile canal.

Sunday morning - April 5th, (Easter Sunday) We continued our journey northward thru the canal to Port Said. This last half of the trip was thru less arid country, there being numerous lakes & ponds etc. These lowlands are part of the Nile Delta.

We arrived at PORT SAID about noon (April 5th). No one went ashore here - the ship only stopping to take on water and 700 tons of oil. Many hawkers came in rowboats to sell rugs, scarfs, beads and turkish delight etc., but their business wasn't so brisk. At six-thirty we pulled anchor and were off for Alexandria.

ALEXANDRIA EGYPT - Mon April 6th

Arriving about 8 am we went ashore in sail boats. There were no free tenders because all the passengers disembarked at Port Tewfik. Five of us hired a car and a guide and saw Alexandria. First we went to the Catacombs - the tombs of the ancient Egyptians and Romans, dating back to about 3500 B.C. It was a maze of underground rooms, niches and passageways hewn from solid rock. We were shown the tomb of Ramesees II, and many others, famous in ancient history. In many of the vaults the bones still remained - human bones - horses & dogs etc too. We then went to Pompeii's Pillar & the little Sphinx. Pompeii's Pillar is a huge granite column, the remains of an old temple. There is also another small catacomb there. At the Museum we were very interested in the mummies of ancient Romans who conquered Egypt. Mummies of people who have been dead over 4000 years, and their

features are still recognizable - hair, nails & skin still intact, although shrivelled and dried and almost black. Then we spent a few moments in the Zoo and finished our tour seeing some of the native section of town and the Bazaar.

Five of us, Tom, Charley, Ted, Dobely & myself got new suits here. They were quite reasonable and we all got a good fit.

Most of the people here are quite ignorant, and there are many beggars and "guides" always pestering you. Many hawkers with worthless wares. Boy shoe-shiners on the streets are quite a nuisance. Sometimes if you refuse to get a shine, they squirt some nasty looking stuff on your shoes so you will have to get a shine. Boatmen at the pier almost fight to get at you when you come there to go to the ship. They crowd about you, shouting and jabbering, one pulling your arm, another your coat, more trying to take your packages so you will get in their boat. And threats and curses don't dampen their ardor either. One almost has to fight to get them away from them. Then after finally getting into one of the sailboats they try to extort a double fee to take you to the ship. It's these sort of incidents that makes some of these places seem so disgusting. The beauty and merit of it is spoiled by such pests - beggars, guides and hawkers.

Returning to the ship for dinner, we decided to take a guide and go to Cairo on the 11:30 P.M. train. So we took some sandwiches & a bottle of Wine and went ashore about 9.30. We each paid the guide $10.00 and he paid all our expenses. Cairo is about 150 miles south and our train was slow - taking about 5½ hours for the journey. Travelling 3rd class, our hard seats got very tiresome and none of us rested any. It got rather chilly too, so, needless to say, we were all glad when we got to Cairo the next morning.

CAIRO EGYPT - Tue April 7th 1931

We left the train at 6 am, taking a car to the Luna Park Hotel where we cleaned up a bit and had breakfast. Our tour of Cairo started with a drive out to the Pyramids. About a half-hour's ride took us to the edge of the desert where we left the car and took camels and donkeys. The drivers almost ran over us, in their anxiety to get their animals to us. Police had to make them get back in line. Three of us rode camels and three donkeys. I rode a camel both up and back - some of the days changing mounts on the return trip. Camel riding is quite like horseback - only a little more pitching.

It was an awe-inspiring sight to get a close view of the pyramids and the sphinx. The larger of the three pyramids, containing over eight million cubic feet of stone and rising to a height of 485 feet. It is amazing to think that this was all done by thousands and thousands of slaves, harnessed up and driven like animals, nearly 4000 years ago. The blocks of stone are about four feet square. It took 30 years to build the large pyramid, the slaves working in shifts of ten thousand.

The only irritating feature of our visit was the annoyance of the camel drivers & the guides. They wanted to carry our cameras, or take our pictures or 101 other things that might warrant us giving them bakcheesh. It is impossible to thoroughly enjoy or grasp the full significance of such a place, with these pests always annoying one.

Crossing the Nile river again and returning to Cairo, we drove to the Mosque of Mohammed Ali or the Alabaster Mosque - the biggest and finest mosque of Cairo. It is all made of alabaster and we had to don soft slippers over our shoes before we were permitted to enter. Our guide being a Mohammedan (although he told us his name was "William Johnston"!) explained this place and the Mohammedan customs quite thoroughly.

From the hill on which this mosque is situated we got a very comprehensive view of Cairo, with the pyramids in the distance.

From the Mosque we went thru the British Garrison to Joseph's Prison, a deep well ~~in~~ cut down thru solid rock, a winding stairway taking us down. Here - the guide explained to us, Joseph was kept prisoner for seven years.

We next visited the Museum - one of the largest and finest I have ever seen. The Museum in Alexandria is devoted mostly to relics of the ancient Romans who conquered Egypt, while the Museum in Cairo is of the ancient Egyptians. A good portion is devoted to the recent findings of King Tut's tomb. The mummy of King Tut is in Luxor but most of the rest of his tomb is in Cairo. There were three coffins - one inside the other, and all made in his likeness. The inner two were made of gold and decorated with jewels and semi-precious stones. There was jewellery and clothes, carriages, boats, thrones - all in gold. The metal being solid gold and the ~~wood~~ wooden pieces all gilded and inlaid with precious stones. It was most amazing to note the sculptural detail and the exactness with which everything was done. Everything was so ~~so~~ elaborate and so magnificent that it almost looked modern - no comparison with the average mummies from other tombs. And it is all preserved so well that it looks almost new, even after these two or three thousand years.

Cairo is most reminiscent of biblical times - mud or stone houses, their long cloaks, shepherds with their flocks in the streets or in the fields - it is all very quaint and very interesting. And of course, the business section is very modern and progressive, and there are quite a few Frenchmen here. All the streets are named in French.

We were back to the Hotel for lunch, afterwards driving to the Bazaar or market place. Little narrow winding streets, crowded with

tiny shops - and more crowded with people and vehicles. There was no sidewalks - the pavement being hardly wide enough for the vehicles.

At 3^{30} pm we boarded the train for Alexandria - and of course we were all very tired by this time. At 7^{30} we arrived, and left immediatly for the ship in a sailboat.

Thursday nothing of importance happened - didnt go anyplace in particular.

Friday April 10th we were surprised by a visit by the GRAF ZEPPELIN. About 3^{30} in the afternoon, the mighty airship circled our ship twice then continued on it's journey to the Holy Land. There was quite a stir aboard the ship - everyone rushing for their cameras and getting out on deck as quickly as possible. The ship whistled several times as a salute. We were supposed to sail at 4 but it was nearly 5 before we were actually on our way to Athens.

ATHENES, GREECE - Sun. April 12th 1931

We anchored about a half mile from shore, early in the morning, going ashore on the tender, about 10 o'clock. This was the first time during this whole cruise that really seemed like Sunday. According to our custom, and contrary in most of the countries we have visited, Sunday is observed as the Sabbath, and all the stores are closed. Consequently there wasnt much shopping to be done. We took the train to Athenes - taking with us a guide. Very little English is spoken here, so he proved quite a help to us.

Getting off the train at the outskirts of the city, we hired a car for few hours drive. Our itinerary included the Temple of Theseus, Prison of Socrates, the Partheron, the Ampitheatre of Herodus Aticus, the famous Acropolis, high up on a hill, the Theatre of Bacchus & Dionaes, where were

Mon Nite - April 13th we passed between Italy and Sicilly and ~~[illegible]~~ we all rushed out on deck to witness the eruption of Mt Stromboli in Sicilly. We were quite far away yet we could see the sky flare up red, and every 3 minutes we could see the fire and lava shoot straight up in the air. It was really most awe-inspiring to witness one of natures most powerful manifestations.

once held the famous Bacchanal Festivities; the Arch of Adrian, the Temple of Jupiter and the huge Stadium where Olympic games are staged. We had lunch at a little open air cafe near the Temple of Jupiter - cakes and coffee, but the coffee was so terrible none could drink it. Their coffee is like the Egyptian and Turkish coffee, made by mixing pulverized coffee with boiling water - no cream or sugar. It is so strong that I believe iodine would taste better.

Athens is a very clean and modern city - and in such contrast to past countries of the East. No beggars nor hawkers continually at your heels. The subway railway station would be a credit to any American city.

We sailed late that afternoon for Naples.

NAPLES, ITALY - Sun April 14th 1931

We docked about 6 a.m., after much trouble, - once backing into the dock, damaging it and putting a few dents in the stern of the ship. We all had to have special passports to go ashore here. We went ashore soon after the mail had been distributed taking a short drive in a carriage. There are a great many men in uniforms in Naples, and it seems like there are just about as many different kinds of uniforms as there are men to wear them. We saw many of the famous Mussolini Black Shirts. Naples is a very old city and it looks it too, but it is said some of the drives are the most beautiful in the world.

At the San Carlos Opera House that evening we saw a wonderful production of "Aida" by Verdi. The house has seats for 3000, and they were nearly all filled. There are six tiers of boxes running all the way around the theatre. At the back is the King's box. The 125-piece orchestra was magnificent and the

singing and the scenery, and the effects were all too marvelous for mere words. In one night scene there was an ocean in the background - with waves rolling in, stars in the sky and clouds floating by — all so very realistic. In the third and most magnificent act, there must have 300 people on the stage at one time, as well as three horses, carriages, and huge chairs & thrones etc!

The next day we took a guide & a car and drove up to the top of a great hill where the Museum was. This is a very old church containing many old religious relics and paintings on the walls & ceilings by famous artists. Most of the floors are of mosaic tile, done by masters. From the windows we had a magnificent view of Naples with Mt. Vesuvius smoking in the background.

And of course, a trip to Italy without an Italian dinner would be more incomplete, so here is what we had: Fish soup, spaghetti and cakes. And for the first time in my life I consumed a meal without any water to drink. In true Italian style, wine was the beverage!

At another museum - also an old church - there is a confession chamber, adjoining which is a secret room where the king used to sit and listen to the confessor. If he heard things that displeased him, unseen hands would strangle him. In the basement below, they show you the remaining bones of such victims.

About 100 of our passengers disembarked here for a trip thru Europe. We sailed for Monte-Carlo about 6 a.m. Thur. Apr. 16th

MONTE-CARLO, MONACO & NICE FRANCE. Fri April 17th

We dropped anchor about 6 a.m. in one of the most picturesque harbors of the cruise. Monte-Carlo is built on the side of a huge mountain, right on the water's edge, and is certainly a

beautiful sight. We could see the massive Casino from the boat, standing out boldly in white against the green foliage. About nine o'clock we went ashore and after getting our money changed we took a bus to Nice France. It was a fine big modern bus and the drive to Nice was one of the most enjoyable moments of the cruise. At Nice we spent our time walking about, shopping and window-shopping. They have so many beautiful and appealing things there - especially for women. Shoes, hats, gowns, and jewellery etc!

About 4 o'clock we returned to Monte-Carlo by bus and in the evening we went to the Casino. It cost us 10 francs (40¢) apiece to get in. The Casino is a magnificent building and done in the finest style. Carpeted floors, fine woodwork, paintings and statuary — in fact it is more reminiscent of a fine hotel drawing-room. But then there tables and tables of Roulette, Bacarra, and Trente-Quarante. The minimum bet was 10 francs on some tables, 20 on others and still higher in the private rooms. I played a few spins of the roulette-wheel just to say I had played there. The place was fairly well filled - with young and old, and poor and rich. Some were figuring and scheming and trying to work their "systems" - evidently quite sincere that the wheel could be beaten.

There are many valets everywhere and many plain clothes (and full-dress clothes) detectives patroling the place and mingling with the players. It is said that if someone who has lost all, looks desperate and shows signs of contemplating suicide, they rush him out of the building. And if he does succeed in taking his life, a roll of bills is planted on him, so

the cause wont be attributed to losses in the Casino. However, they have their own cemetery - called "Suicide Cemetery." They have had 480 suicides there since they opened.

We left by tender at 11 p.m and sailed at midnight, for Gibraltar.

GIBRALTAR, SPAIN - Mon. April 20th

Arriving early in the morning, we went ashore at 9 o'clock in the tender. Gibraltar is also built on a mountainside, and the streets are very narrow and crooked. It is mainly a British military defense, and wherever one goes, there is always a fort, or a wall or some gun placements. There are many perfume shops, as well as leather goods and novelties. They seem to have a sample of everything from all over the world. What one overlooked in Japan could be purchased in Gibraltar. And perfumes selling for $38.00 in America could be purchased for $10.00 there. And the leather goods was reasonable too. Camel hide purses, ladies bags, belts, pillow tops - etc, made in Morrocco and Sudan.

We hired a carriage for a couple of hours and drove over into Spanish territory to a little village called LA LINEA, SPAIN. At the customs house, we were given a thorough search - the driver especially. Only a few days ago the King was forced to flee Spain in exile because of the recent election which made Spain a Republic, hence there is great military precaution everywhere.

On our return to Gibraltar we had a very fine lunch and after browsing around a few hours we caught the 4 o'clock tender for the ship.

And at 5 o'clock we set sail on the last leg of our "Round the World" cruise. Eight days to New York!

Date Played				Rec. Pay.	
~~JAN~~ DEC 31 ~~20~~	San Diego	El Cortez Hotel	8^{30} - 11	1/20	4.00
JAN 10	Honolulu	KGU - Broadcast	9^{30} 10^{30}	1/20	2.00
Sun 18	Tea Garden	Chicago Party	8^{30} 11^{30}	1/19	5.00
21	Tokyo	JOAK - Broadcast	8^{30} - 9	1/25	2.00
W 21	"	" Taxi		1/25	.75
Th 22	"	Imperial Hotel	8^{30} - 2^{30}	1/25	12.00
Th 22	"	" " Taxi		1/25	1.50
Sat 24	"	Florida Dance Hall	7^{00} - 11^{00}	1/25	8.00
Sun 25	"	" " "	8^{00} - 11^{00}	1/25	4.00
Sun ✓	✓	✓ ✓ ✓		2/2	2.00
Wed 28	Amagasaki	Amagasaki Dance Hall	8^{00} 12^{00}	✓	8.00
Thur 29	Osaka	JOBK - Broadcast	8^{30} - 9^{00}	✓	2.00
Fri 30	"	Columbia - Recording	9^{30} 2^{30}	✓	8.00
Fri 30	Hanshin Kaikan	Dance Palace	6^{00} - 8^{30}	✓	5.00
Fri 30	Kobe	Tor Hotel	10^{00} 3^{00}	✓	10.00
Sat FEB 14	Hong Kong	Repulse Bay Hotel	9 - 12	2/15	5.00
				2/16	1.00
Sun 22	Tea Garden	Fairbanks Party	8^{30} 10^{30}	2-23	3.00
				2-24	1.00
"	"	" Tip		2-24	14.25
Wed Mar 4	Batavia	Harmony Club	10 - 1	3/6	6.00
Wed Mar 11	Colombo	Grand Oriental Hotel	9^{30} - 12^{30}	3/15	6.00
Thur 12	"	"	"	"	6.00
Fri 13	"	"	"	"	6.00
Sat 14	"	Colombo Radio Station	12^{15} - 1^{30}	"	3.00
Thur 19	Bombay	Indian Broadcasting Co	9^{30} 11^{00}	3/27	3.00
Mon 23	"	" " "	"	"	3.00
Tue 24	"	Taj Mahal Hotel	11^{00} 2^{00}	"	6.00
Wed 25	"	Gymkhana Club	10^{00} - 12^{30}	"	5.00
April Wed 1st	Tea Garden	Collins Party	11^{00} - 3^{00}	4/16	8.00
Tue April 15		Orchestra Collection	(1/13th)	4/15	46.15
					$196.15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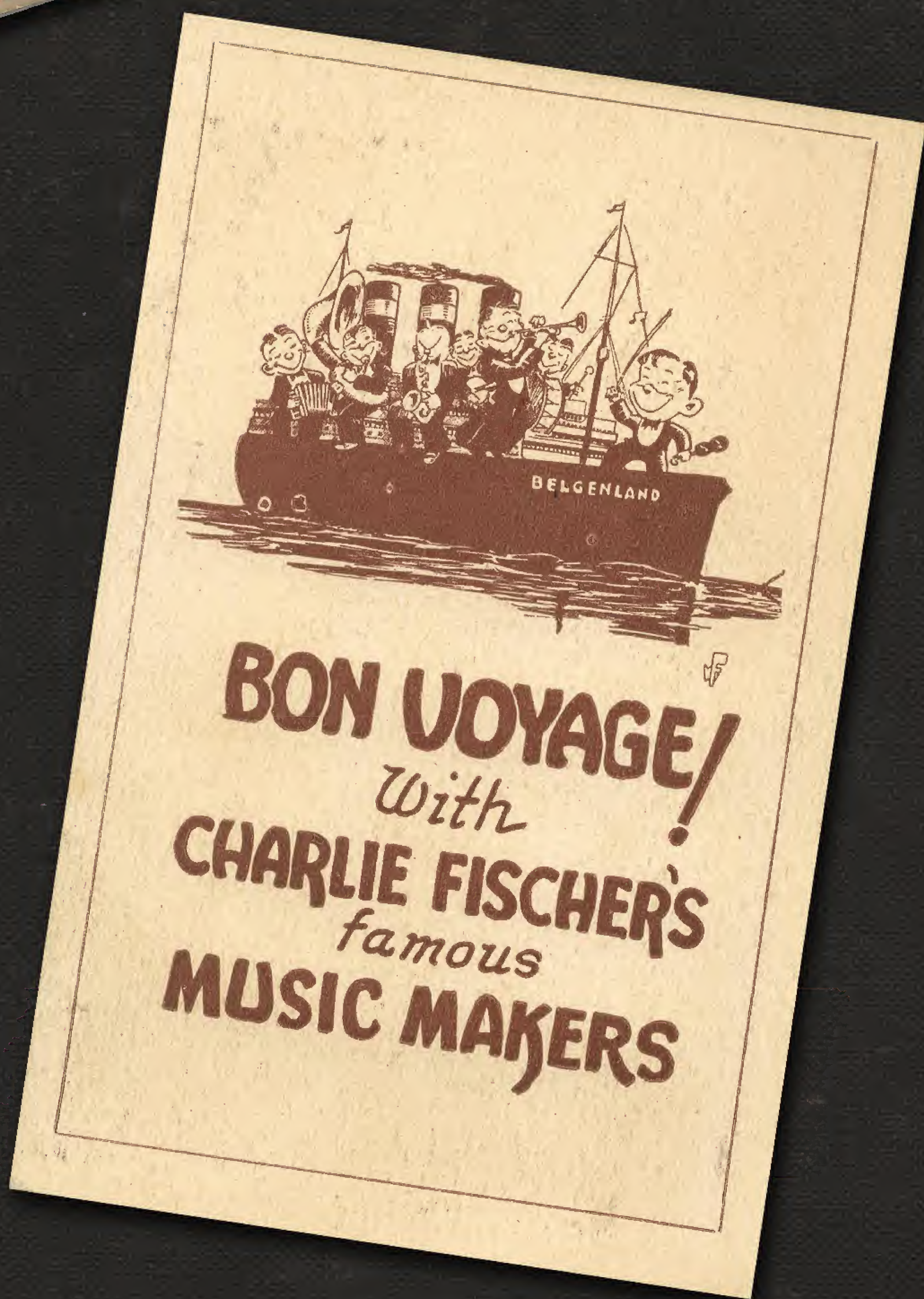
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